

La science-fiction :

source évidente du mythe ovni.



Marc Hallet

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PAGE LAISSÉE VOLONTAIREMENT BLANCHE



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2023

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Liège - Belgique - octobre 2023

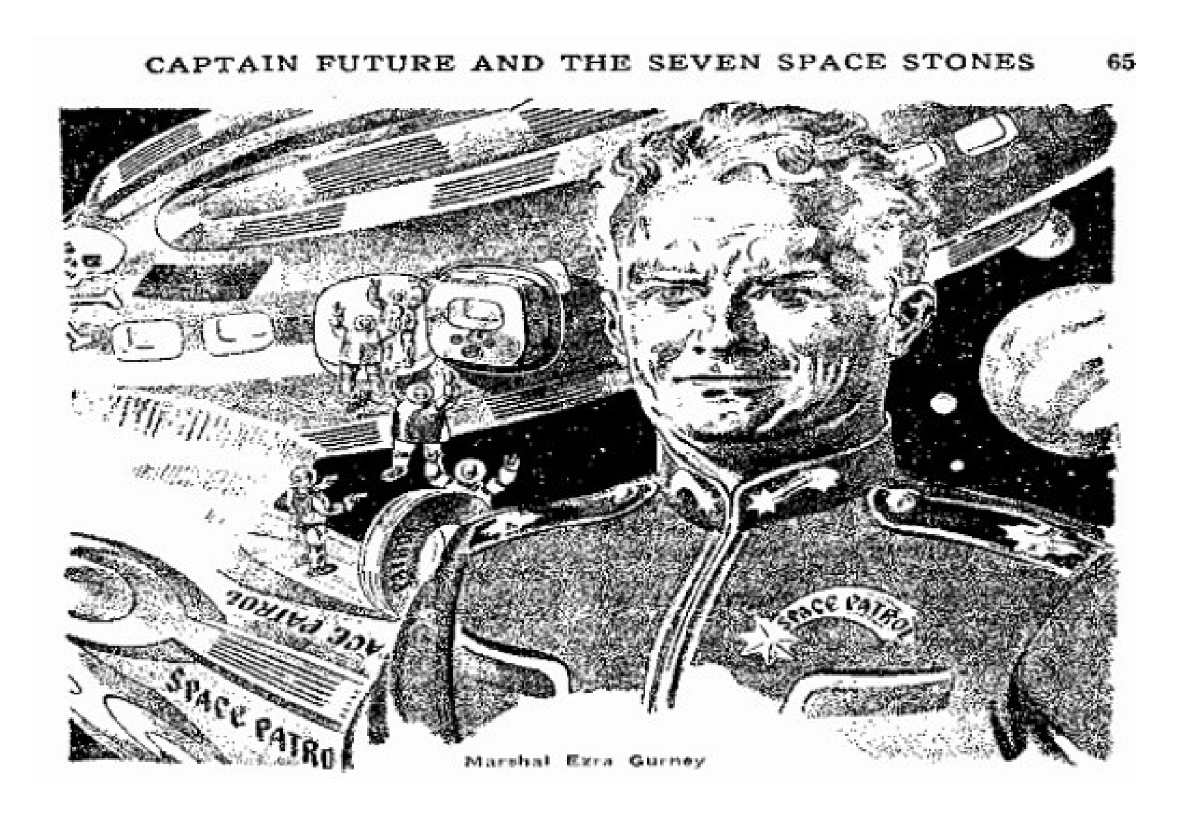
INTRODUCTION

Dès 1989, dans *Critique historique et scientifique du phénomène OVNI,* j'avais signalé l'influence que la science-fiction avait exercée sur la naissance et l'évolution du mythe des ovnis. En 1992 et 1996, j'ai récidivé en diffusant deux brochures fournissant diverses preuves du même genre tirées de vielles bandes dessinées principalement francophones. En 2005, dans *Les arcanes de l'ufologie*, j'ai encore produit de nouvelles preuves axées sur cette idée. J'ai poursuivi en 2013 à la fois dans *Les thèmes ufologiques dans les comics pré-arnoldiens* et dans *Encore quelques dessins d'ovnis pré-arnoldiens*. Ces deux dernières brochures qui contenaient de nombreuses illustrations tirées des « pulps » de science-fiction anglo-saxons furent rassemblées avec d'autres documents traitant du même sujet, dans *Avant l'éclosion des ovnis et de l'ufdologie*, diffusée par mes soins en juillet 2020. La même année, une traduction espagnole supervisée par Diego Zúñiga et augmentée d'un commentaire signé de Sergio Sánchez Rodríguez en fut proposée.

Tous ces travaux agrémentés de nombreuses preuves illustrées ont été proposés en téléchargement gratuit sur le site https://archive.org/ et recopiés ensuite sur d'autres.

Aujourd'hui, à la faveur d'un complément de recherches, je voudrais ajouter de nouvelles preuves tirées des « comics » anglo-saxons publiés antérieurement à juin 1947. C'est en effet à cette date, à la suite de la célèbre observation de Kenneth Arnold qui donna l'idée à un journaliste inspiré de forger le terme « soucoupes volantes » que débuta ce que les ufologues nomment désormais *l'ère post-arnoldienne.*

Les preuves que je fournis cette fois n'ont pas été classées chronologiquement mais par thèmes différents repris dans cinq « galeries » d'illustrations diverses. Des concepts, des idées, des formes, des designs, ne s'imposent en effet pas nécessairement d'un seul coup et de manière organisée dans le temps, mais bien plutôt par des approches et des suggestions successives diverses.



Captain Future Vol 02 n° 02 - hiver 1941 - p. 65

COMMENTAIRES A PROPOS DES GALERIES

En première page de mon étude *Avant l'éclosion des ovnis et de l'ufologie* j'ai signalé qu'une célèbre illustration de la littérature de science-fiction montrant une vache enlevée vers le ciel par des tentacules n'avait aucun rapport avec une prétendue observation ufologique survenue à Leroy, dans le Kansas, comme cela fut souvent signalé par certains auteurs malhonnêtes ou mal informés. En effet, cette illustration ne montrait pas une vache happée par des extraterrestres mais bien par une sorte de dragon à tentacules. J'ajoute, pour la petite histoire, que le cas de Leroy fut démontré mensonger par Jerome Clark dans la *Flying Saucers Review* du mois d'avril 1977. Il est cependant amusant de constater que dans *Science Fiction* de Mars 1939 (Vol 01 n° 01 page 63), on pouvait déjà voir des humains enlevés vers un engin sphérique doté de tentacules (voir page 6).

PREMIERE GALERIE :

Bien avant l'ère pré-arnoldienne, les vaisseaux spatiaux étaient souvent représentés comme des fusées très classiques, mais parfois également sous forme d'engins cigaroïdes plus maniables que des fusées et dont le mode de propulsion n'était pas toujours clairement défini ou perceptible. Ces engins pouvaient être terriens ou extraterrestres. Ils survolaient les villes (pages 7 à 9), voyageaient dans l'espace (pages 9 à 11) ou se posaient sur le sol (pages 12 et 13). Parfois même, ils embarquaient à leur bord de nombreux individus (page 14). Au fil de l'imagination des auteurs et des illustrateurs, la forme de ces engins s'éloigna peu ou beaucoup de celle des fusées ; les empennages disparurent, les lignes s'affinèrent, les formes devinrent de plus en plus arrondies (Pages 13 à 15)...

DEUXIEME GALERIE :

Progressivement, auteurs et illustrateurs imaginèrent des engins dont la forme se différencia de plus en plus des fusées pour ressembler parfois à celle d'ailes volantes, de sphères, d'anneaux ou même de disques.

Des ailes volantes peuvent être remarquées dans deux histoires d'auteurs différents dans une même publication datant de 1938 (Pages 17 et 18). Des sphères ainsi que des objets cigaroïdes se déplaçaient déjà ensemble sur un dessin datant de 1932 (Page 19). Il y eut également des objets aplatis qui, vu en plan, avaient la forme de cercles, d'ellipses ou de cercles dotés d'une queue (Pages 20 à 23). Des anneaux et de véritables « soucoupes volantes » furent également représentées (Pages 24 à 25). De ces engins sortirent des aliens ou des humains (Pages 26 et 27). L'inventivité des auteurs et illustrateurs était débordante ; au point, par exemple, de concevoir un engin volant à la fois triangulaire et pyramidal (Pages 28 à 30) faisant songer aux mystérieux triangles de la prétendue vague ovni belge.

TROISIEME GALERIE :

Dans la littérature ufologique, les nains à grosse tête sont apparus en force durant la première moitié des années cinquante. Dans les livres et magazines populaires de science-fiction, ils étaient cependant présents depuis beaucoup plus longtemps. Certains chercheurs sceptiques, dont moi-même, en ont déjà fourni pas mal d'exemples dont celui de la page 31 qui est assez connu et qui montre, qui plus est, de petits bonhommes verts (autre mythe ufologique qui s'étiola progressivempent après les années soixante). Néanmoins, j'ai encore trouvé d'autres nains à grosse tête qui, autant que je sache, n'ont pas encore été signalés. Voyez par exemple les pages 32 et 33.

Un dessin publié en 1941 mérite, je pense, une mention toute spéciale (Page 34). En effet il montre un personnage assez petit avec une tête plus volumineuse que la moyenne, mais, surtout, cet être a des doigts palmés, un peu comme le célèbre « homme de l'Atlantide » incarné par l'acteur Patrick Duffy d'une série télévisée remontant aux années soixante-dix. Des êtres aux mains palmées ont également été signalés, bien que rarement, dans la littérature ufologique.

QUATRIEME GALERIE :

C'est à partir du célèbre cas Barney et Betty Hill, révélé dans les années soixante, que le mythe des ovnis s'est enrichi d'un scénario nouveau : celui des examens physiques complets, de type médical, de terriens par des extraterrestres. Barney et Betty Hill, comme bien d'autres ensuite, prétendirent avoir été examinés allongés sur une sorte de table d'opération et avoir subi des tests relatifs à leurs fonctions génératrices. Pour effectuer ces examens, des instruments divers et assez étranges furent utilisés, y compris parfois de longues aiguilles qui, selon les témoignages recueillis, furent enfoncées dans des endroits sensibles du corps sans cependant causer des dommages. Plus tard, le mythe s'enrichit encore de récits relatifs à des personnes qui, en se réveillant, virent que des « aliens » se déplaçaient autour de leur lit et les emmenaient parfois, de là, vers leurs engins.

Il a été démontré, et je l'ai rapporté dans mes différents écrits, que Barney et Betty Hill furent influencés par un film de science-fiction qui décrivait un « patient » ausculté par des extraterrestres au moyen d'une longue aiguille. Le fait qu'ils n'avaient pas pu avoir l'enfant qu'ils désiraient influença également les types d'examens anatomiques qu'ils décrivirent mais dont on tut pudiquement les aspects précis au moment où ce cas fut révélé pour la première fois. Enfin, le spécialiste qui recueillit leurs confidences sous hypnose fut formel : ce couple présentait un profil psychologique particulier et leur cas relevait de la classique « folie à deux ». Il n'empêche, des gens

mal informés firent à ce cas pathologique une publicité effrénée et de nombreux hypnotiseurs, dont beaucoup improvisés, se lancèrent dans la récolte de témoignages semblables, ce qui contribua à la création d'une véritable vague d'enlèvements et de viols par des extraterrestres soucieux d'obtenir des êtres hybrides...

Bien antérieurement à l'ère post-arnoldienne et surtout aux années soixante, la science-fiction offrit déjà des récits de ce genre. Il y eut ceux d'humains examinés ou malmenés/torturés par des machine (Page 35) ou par des savants fous utilisant toutes sortes de machines diaboliques (Page 36). Il y eut bien entendu les scènes inspirées par une hallucination bien connue des psychiatres et qui se produit lorsque des individus se réveillent (Page 37). Il y eut les examens physiques effrayants réalisés par des aliens utilisant de longues aiguilles (Pages 38 et 39). Et il y eut même au moins un cas (Page 40) où l'alien, venu de la planète Mercure, justifia sa curiosité par le fait que les humains vivaient plus longtemps qu'eux et qu'il voulait percer le secret de cette longévité en utilisant des scalpels électriques anesthésiants qui empêcheraient la douleur. L'idée que ces aliens nous considéraient comme de simples cobayes était également présente dans cette histoire puisque l'alien éviterait certes que ses examens soient douloureux, mais qu'il n'empêcherait cependant pas qu'ils aboutissent à une conclusion mortelle.

GALERIE 5 :

Le mythe ovni a, en quelque sorte, englobé d'autres mythes bien plus anciens qui avaient déjà été exploités par la science-fiction durant l'ère pré-arnoldienne.

Ainsi en est-il du mythe de l'homme phalène ou « homme papillon » popularisé par John Keel dans son livre *The Mothman Prophecies* publié en 1975 et dont on tira un film qui sortit en 2002. Keel décrivit un être de cauchemar, mi humain mi-chauve souris ou papillon, avec des yeux globuleux qui, la nuit, rougeoyaient. Un tel être avait été décrit dans la littérature de science-fiction dès 1943 (Page 41).

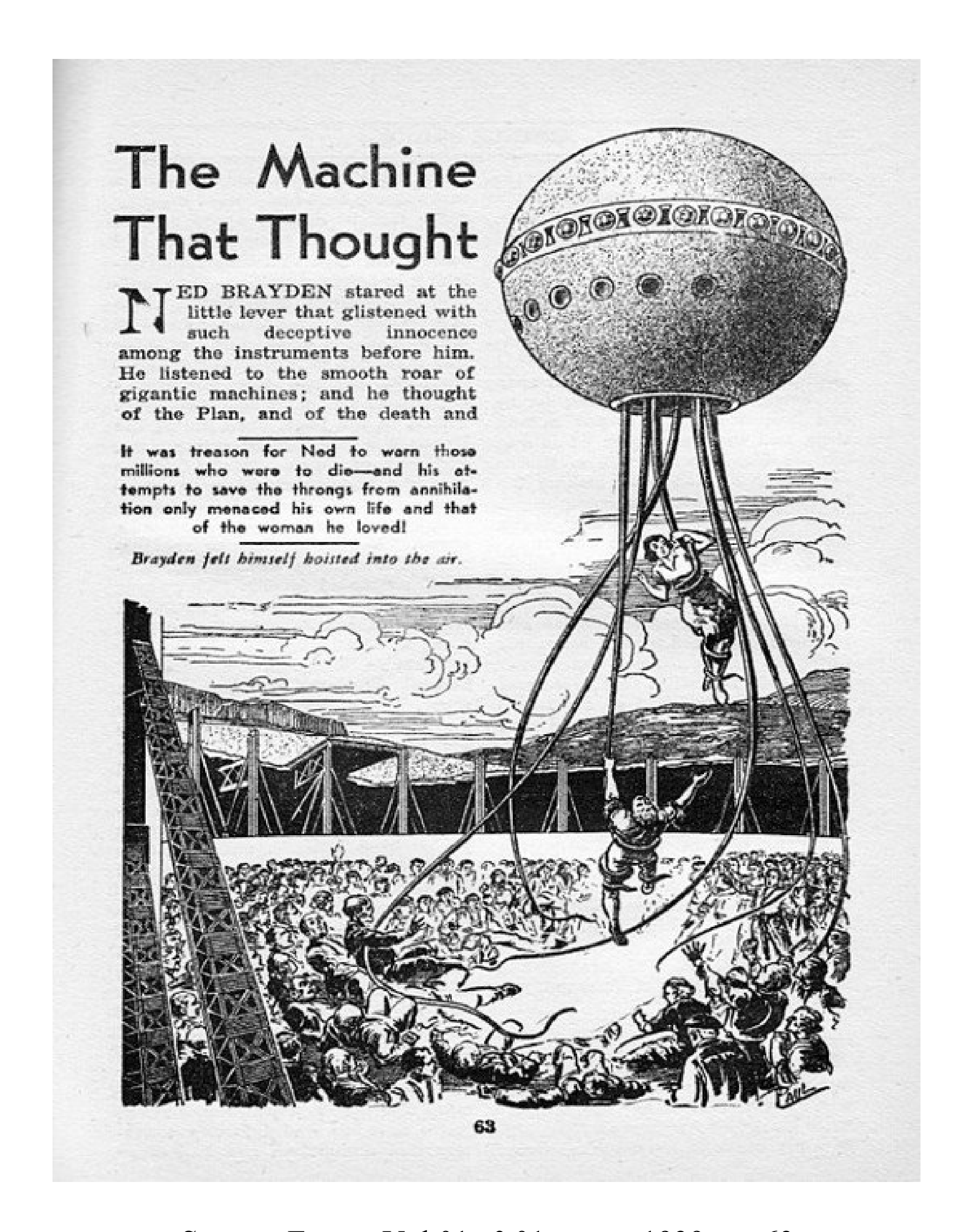
Beaucoup moins connus, mais se rapportant à la même classe d'êtres monstrueux, sont les récits ufologiques qui font état d'humanoïdes volants soit à l'aide d'un appareil qu'ils portent sur le dos, soit parce qu'ils ont de grandes ailes. Or, des humanoïdes ailés furent décrits dans la littérature de science fiction pré-arnoldienne (Page 42). Il faut noter également que la célèbre histoire de Springheel Jack (mi homme papillon, mi homme volant), en Angleterre, relève également des mêmes aspects mythiques (Voir https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_Talons-%C3%A0-Ressort).

CONCLUSIONS GENERALES

Une fois de plus, je crois avoir bien établi, par des exemples concrets, que rien de ce qui a été décrit dans la littérature ufologique n'appartenait pas, déjà, au préalable, au monde de la science-fiction.

Bien plus que les récits, les images ont un pouvoir suggestif et sont capables, quand elles ont quelque chose d'extraordinaire ou d'effrayant, d'être mémorisées dans l'inconscient. Elles peuvent ensuite en ressurgir, bien des années plus tard, dans un contexte différent et avec des implications

différentes pour servir de base à des récits fantaisistes relevant de l'erreur d'interprétation (observation d'un phénomène naturel ou d'un objet fait de main d'homme et pris pour un engin d'un autre monde) ou de l'hallucination pure.


The Machine That Thought

NED BRAYDEN stared at the little lever that glistened with such deceptive innocence among the instruments before him. He listened to the smooth roar of gigantic machines; and he thought of the Plan, and of the death and

It was treason for Ned to warn those millions who were to die—and his attempts to save the throngs from annihilation only menaced his own life and that of the woman he loved!

Brayden felt himself hoisted into the air.

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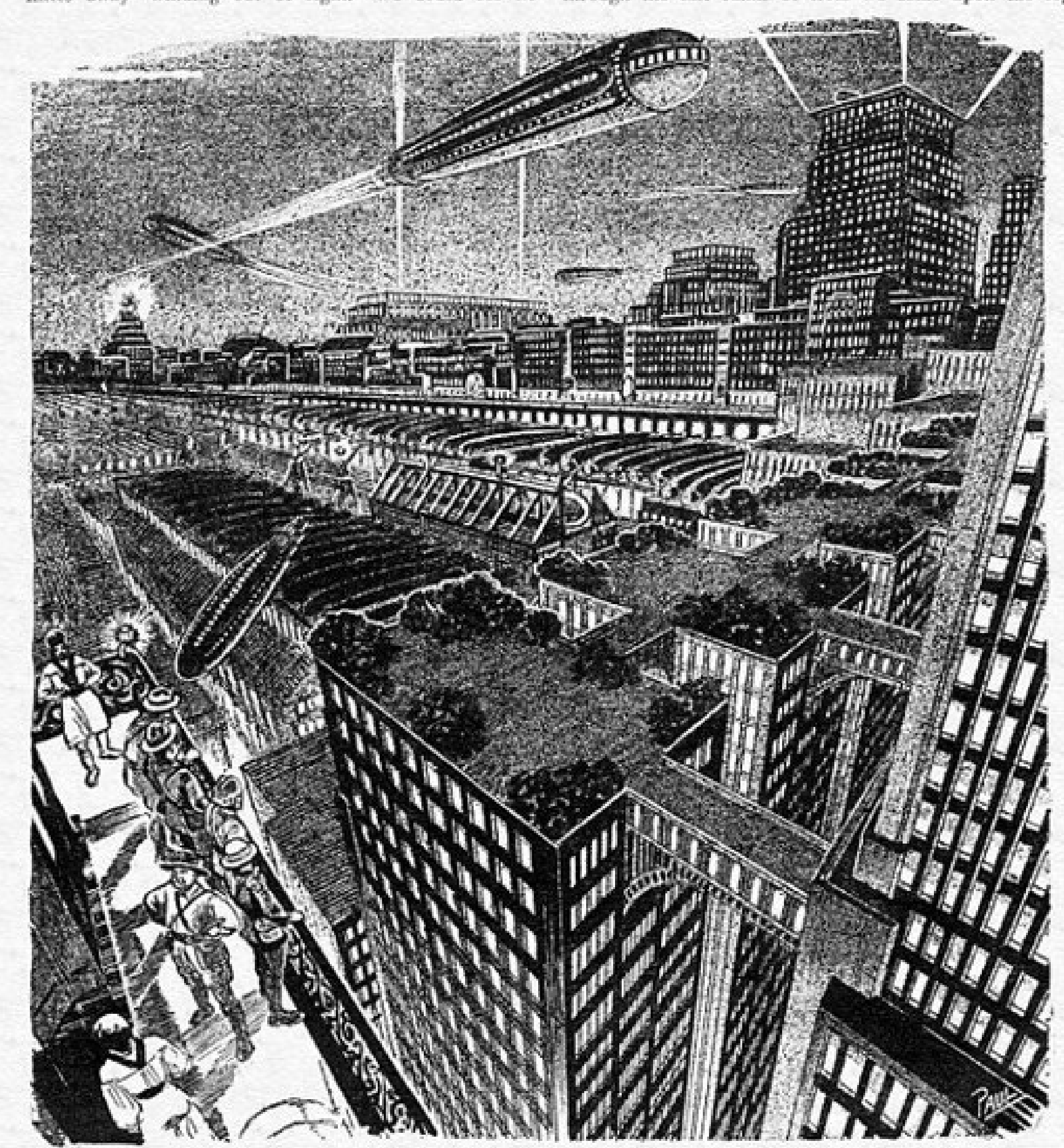
Science Fiction Vol 01 n° 01 - mars 1939 - p. 63

PREMIERE GALERIE ➤

by the labor, we hauled each other out on the top of the cliff.

From our position over a thousand feet above the forest, a wonderful view could be had of the trail northward. Through the evening mists one could make out the silvery ribbon of the Sobat River—more than sixty miles away—winding out of sight. We could see no sign of the boatmen's camp because of the haze and dense foliage.

After a few moments' rest at the top of the "chimney," the five of us turned our faces south again and started on upwards. In the three and a half hours of day that remained, we ascended more than three thousand feet. At last, near sunset, the slope leveled off, and pressing on through the last ranks of trees we came upon the top



We were upon the balcony peering off into space. We were overlooking an enormous amphitheater, miles long and wide.

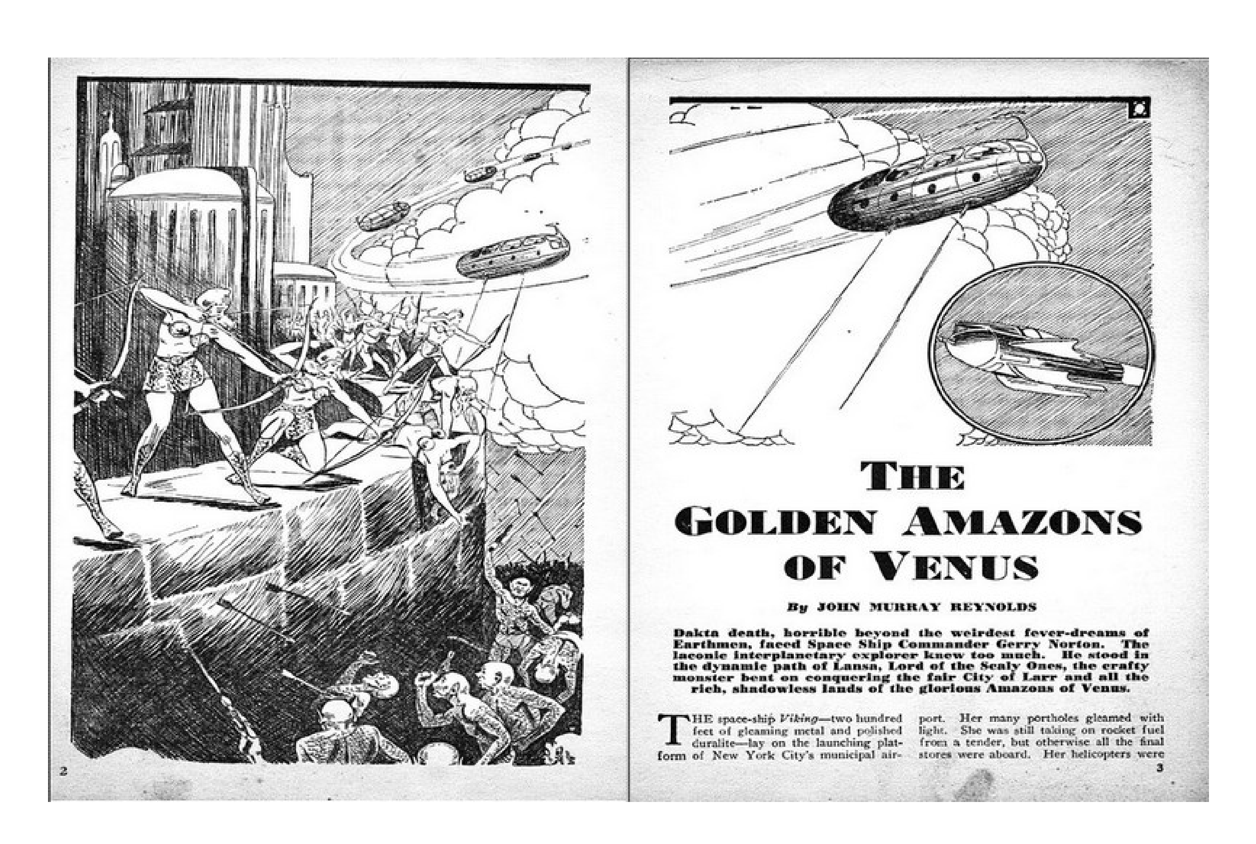


RETIRING to the far end of the room we waited for the Kananese to make the next move. If we had expected him to call for help we were mistaken for, after making some adjustments upon the switchboard, he strolled in a leisurely manner up to the crackling wall between us. Here he made a long and careful inspection, seemed to nod his head, and returned to his seat by the transformers. He touched the lever, when from behind us sounded a gentle thump: the entrance door had dropped into place. It was not necessary to try it to know that we were locked in.

Hanavan prowled about the end of the room for a moment, poking at dials and levers, in the hope of finding a duplicate of the switch for the arc. No luck.

"It looks like the game is finished this time. We can't get our voices through with an amplifier. The crowd

Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 03 n° 04 été 1932 p. 474



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THE GOLDEN AMAZONS OF VENUS

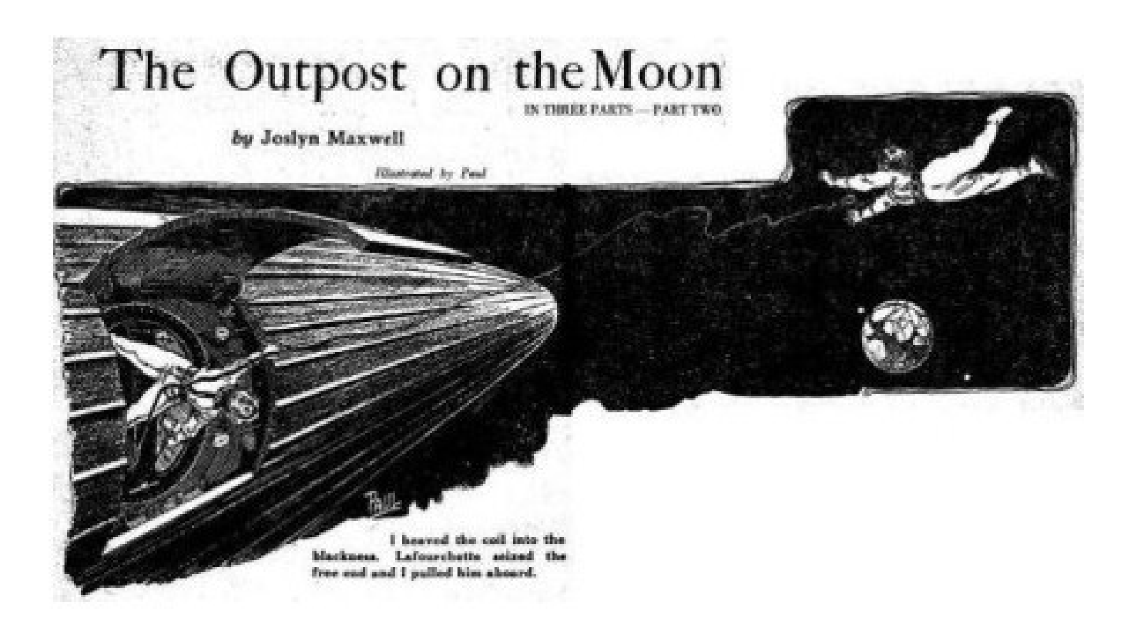
By JOHN MURRAY REYNOLDS

Dakta death, horrible beyond the weirdest fever-dreams of Earthmen, faced Space Ship Commander Gerry Norton. The laconic interplanetary explorer knew too much. He stood in the dynamic path of Lansa, Lord of the Sealy Ones, the crafty monster bent on conquering the fair City of Larr and all the rich, shadowless lands of the glorious Amazons of Venus.

THE space-ship *Viking*—two hundred feet of gleaming metal and polished duralite—lay on the launching platform of New York City's municipal airport. Her many portholes gleamed with light. She was still taking on rocket fuel from a tender, but otherwise all the final stores were aboard. Her helicopters were

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Planet Stories Vol 01 n° 01 hiver 1939 p. 2 et 3



The Outpost on the Moon

IN THREE PARTS — PART TWO

by Joslyn Maxwell

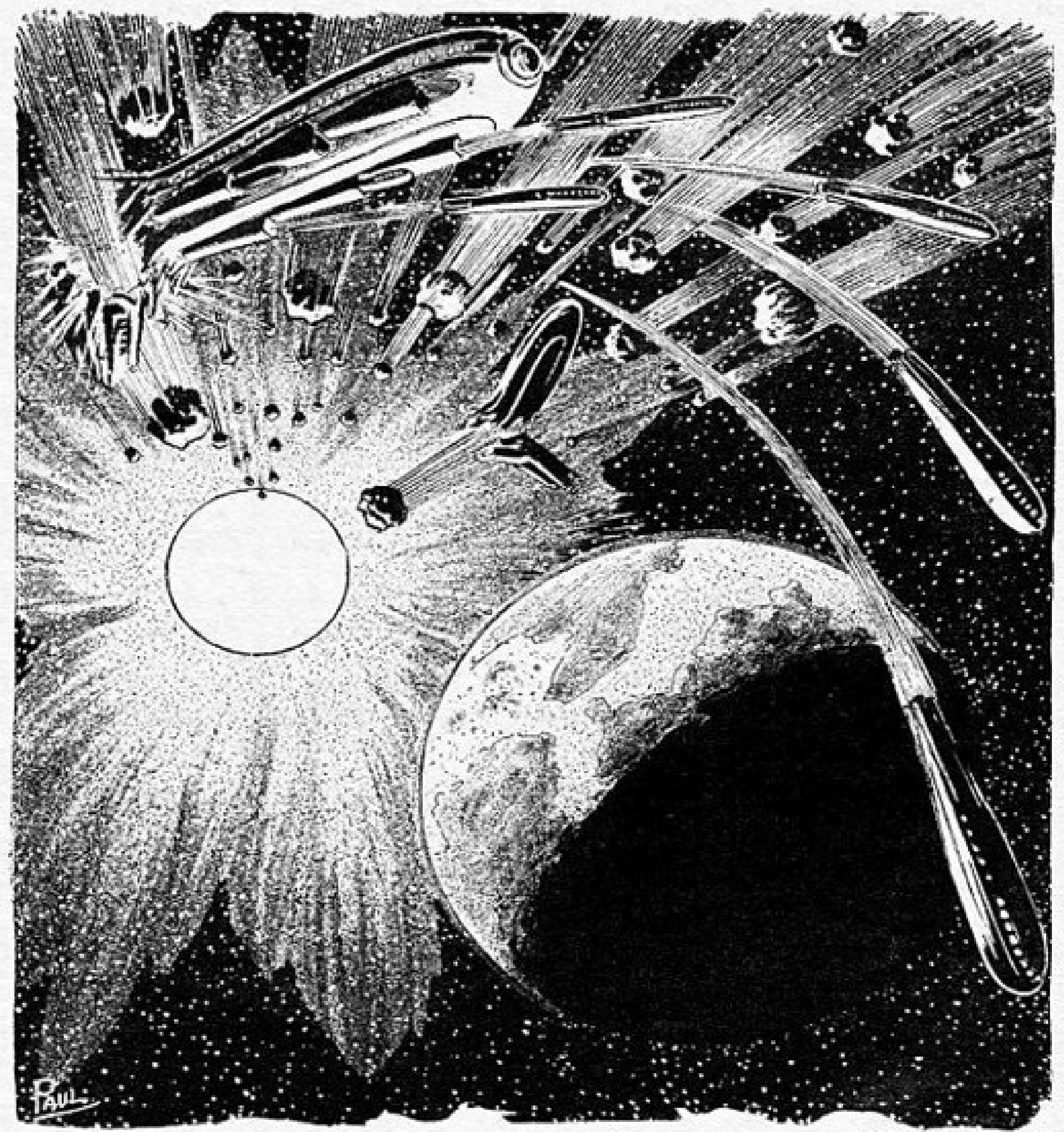
Illustrated by Paul

I heaved the coil into the blackness. Lafourchette seized the free end and I pulled him aboard.

Wonder Stories Vol 02 n° 08 Janvier 1931

REBELLION ON VENUS

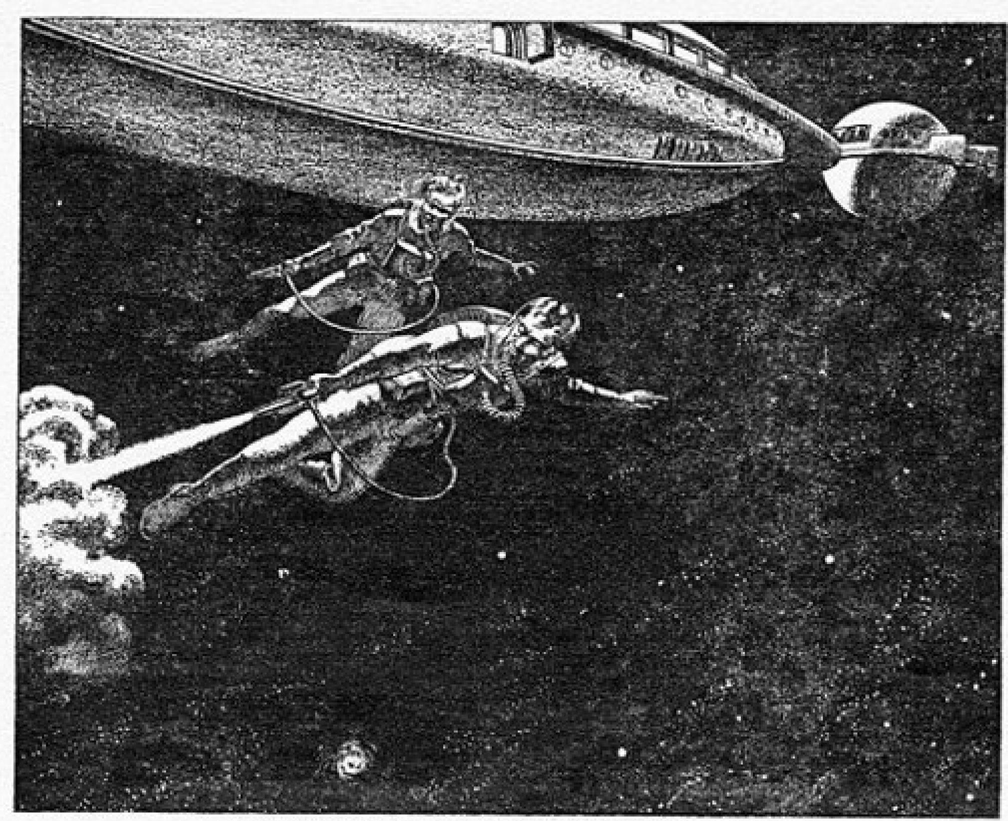
By Edward Morris and John Bertin



(Illustration by Paul)

The catastrophe was witnessed by no outer observers. Stars looked with cosmic indifference as the bulks came together, crashed and went spinning apart.

Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 03 n° 04 - été 1932 - p. 494



Britt and Arnim, curiously light, stepped into outer space through the airlock

"Gosh, I can hardly wait to take over. To be a real Venus trader at last, in charge of my own station." He saw the older man's amused smile and added hastily. "Of course, it isn't that I want to see you go, but—you know how is it."

Arnim nodded.

"Yes, I know how it is. I felt the same way when I took over my first asignment. It sure was a kick. Two days later I was crouched behind a barricade of ice blocks, taking pot shots at a bunch of Martians who were doing their darnedest to exterminate me and a couple of other Earthmen, and grab off the richest jovium mine on Jupiter for Mitco.

"There were no Interplanetary Filing Laws then, no taking a bunch of papers over to the office on Ganymede and thereafter being protected by the Mercurian patrol ships with their zeta-ray projectors.

"You took what you could get and held it by the power of your own guns."

The youth's eyes glowed.

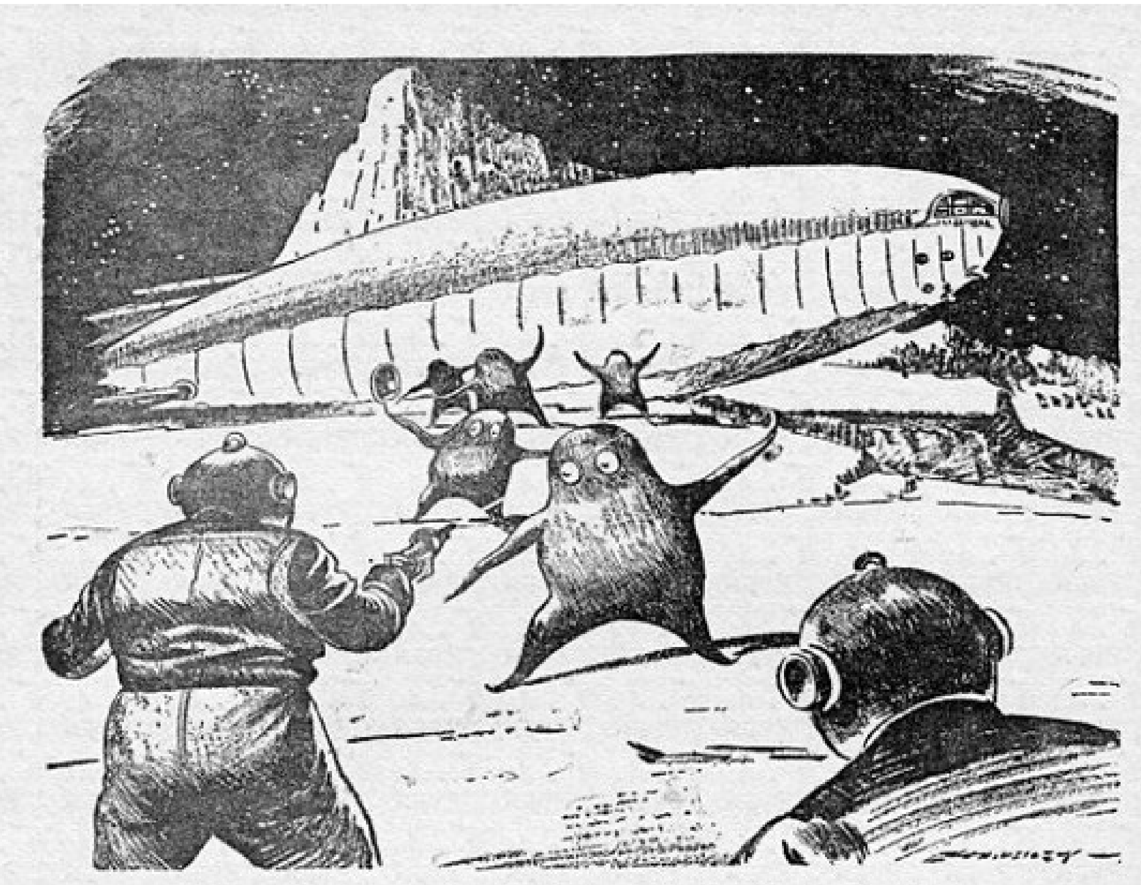
"It must have been great! Wish I'd been in the game then!"

"You weren't born then, young fellow." Penger's eyes wandered past the lad to the teeming landscape revealed by the open door.

"Hello, I don't like that coppery tinge to the clouds down on the horizon. Looks as if we're going to have a taste of one of the electrical storms old Venus favors us with once in a blue moon.

"Get out in one of those, and you'll be ready to give up darn quick. Even the natives scurry to their caves when one of the big ones is on a rampage."

His eyes narrowed as he gazed out. The dripping jungle pressed its greyness close up against the interlacing net of copper filaments that was the Curtain, the apparently frail barrier around the liquid mud clearing of this outpost of Earth's commerce.



He snapped a shot at an Asterite who was trying to pull a surprise and run

JUKE BOX ASTEROID

By JOSEPH FARRELL

Held Prisoner by Swing-Happy Space Creatures, Steve Burgess Finds There's Plenty of Hep in a Twentieth Century Music Box Jive!

STEVE BURGESS gazed thoughtfully through the telescope in the nose of the little space freighter, studying the coffin-shaped asteroid a few miles away. He turned from the instrument as the other half of the two-man crew came in from amidships.

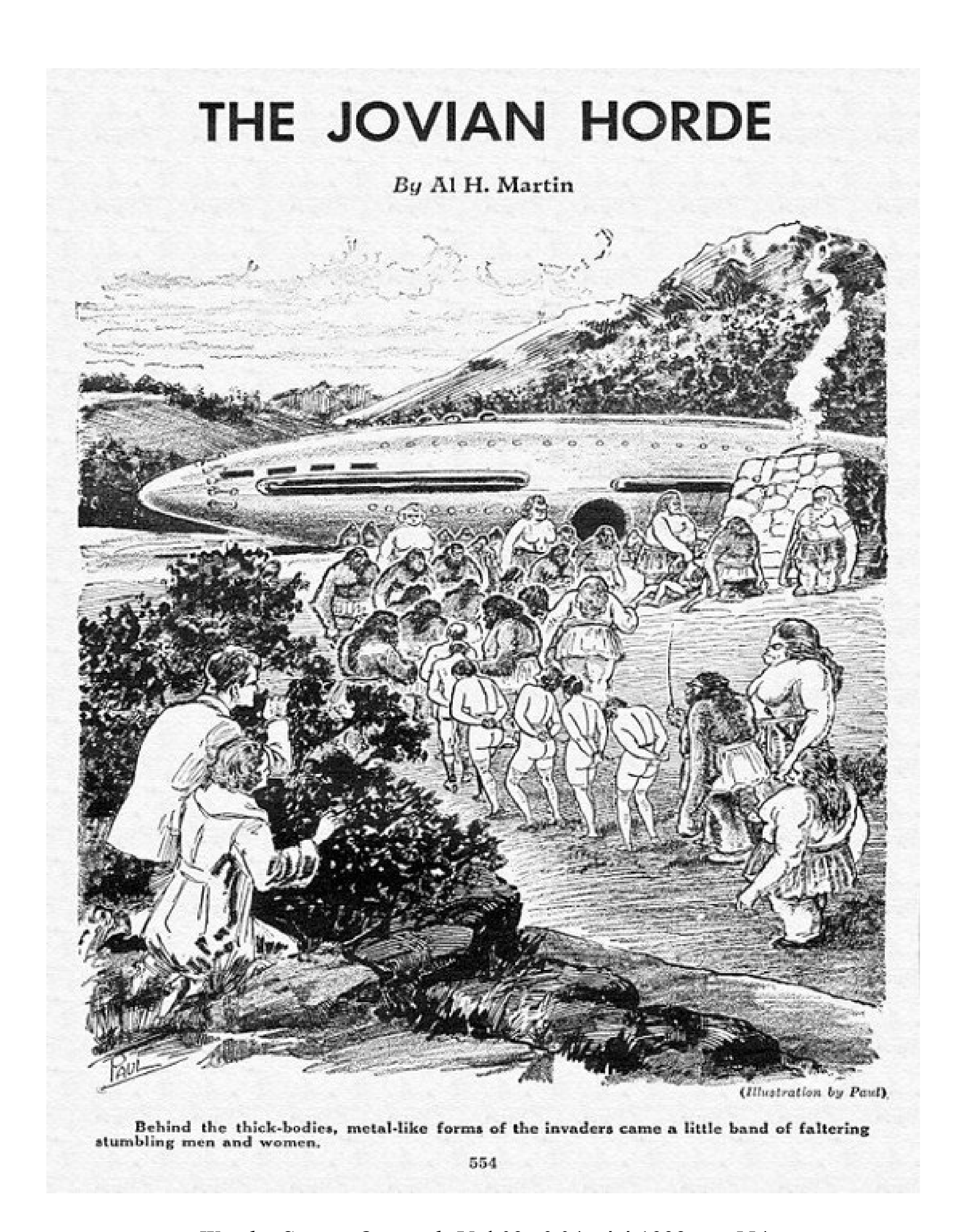
"Take a look, Pat," he advised. "Then get a pencil and paper and figure out the value in dollars of that chunk of iron."

Pat Kelley put an eye to the lens. The rocket-tender wore the greasy clothes of his profession, but with an added personal touch. Among spacemen, he was famous for the brilliant red suspenders he always wore, and which he snapped proudly as he spoke.

"Looks like pure iron," he admitted. "But forget it. It would take capital—with capital letters—to haul that back to Earth. And don't forget we got a cargo, and a penalty job, at that."

"We're three days ahead of schedule," Burgess insisted. "Let's look it over. Maybe we can figure something easy."

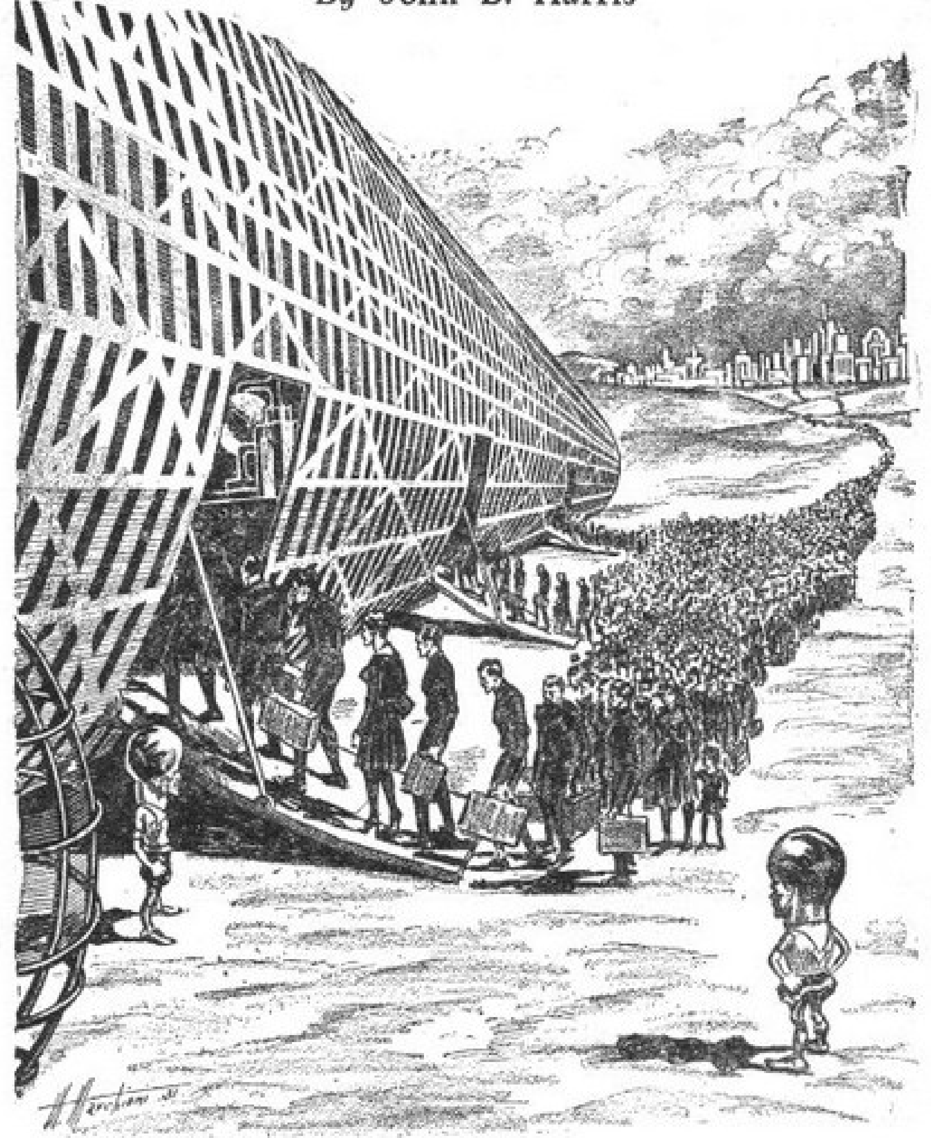
Kelley grunted.



Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 03 n° 04 - été 1932 - p. 554

Worlds To Barter

By John B. Harris



(Illustrated by Marchioni)

Lines of haggard men and women were struggling toward a transporter . . . those feared and despised machines which had become symbols of rescue.

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voice was muffled, shaking. "You don't know what has happened to me, to make me what I am."

"I know what you did to Galt."

"Please, Jay—please." A sob. "I liked Lyman, tremendously. As I do Mart and Cap and you. But love is a book that I have closed, forever. It only hurts me, when you speak of it. So—*please!*"

Suddenly gentle, Cartwright touched her shining hair.

"I'm sorry, Pat," he whispered. "Forgive me."

"Of course, Jay. And don't think that I'm not sorry." Her pale face was stiff and bleak with pain. "But I just can't help it."

CARTWRIGHT jerked his yellow head.

"Anyhow, we've got a job to do—if we are going to do anything for Lyman and all those millions, back on the Earth."

Slowly, the girl nodded her platinum head.

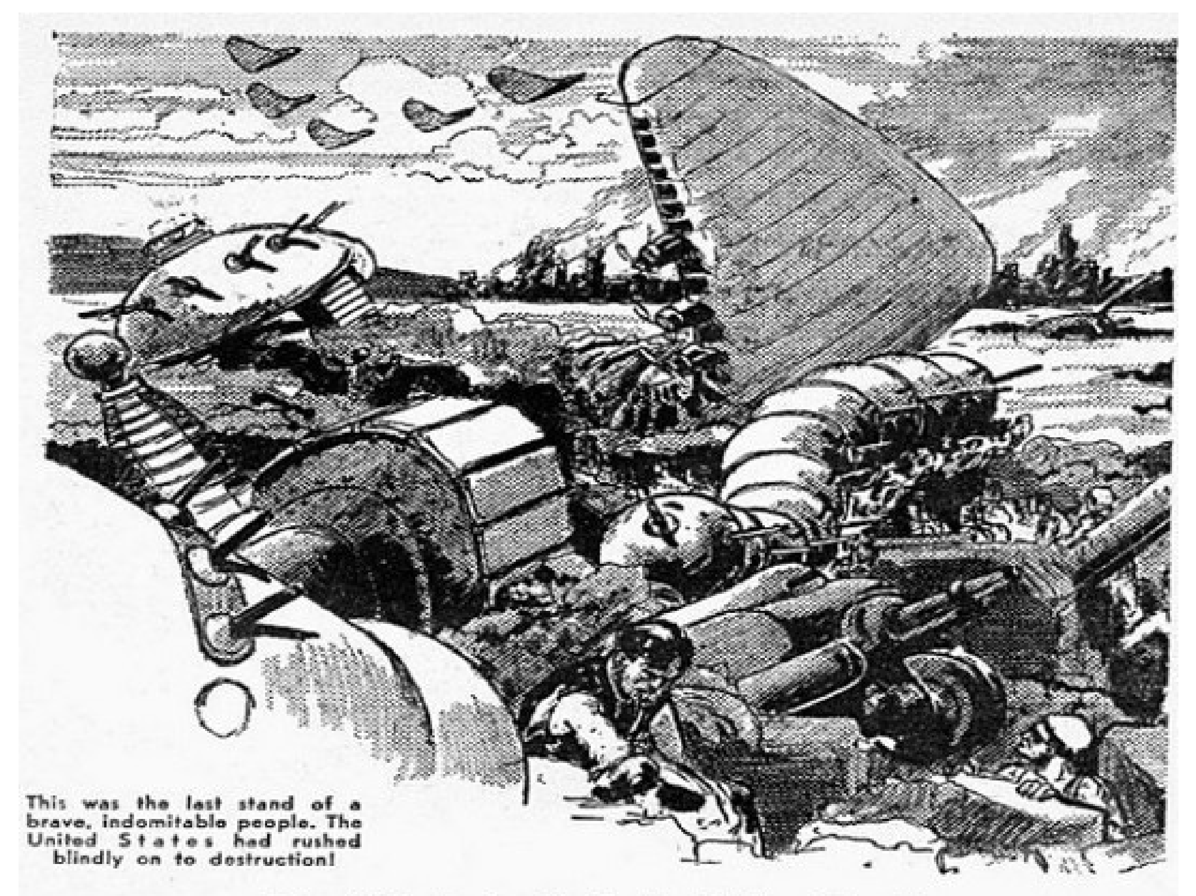
"Yes, we must go on," she whispered. "For his sake, now. Come on in the kitchen. I'll phone Mart and Cap to come, and fix them a bite to eat. The ray has only a few hours more to run."

In the wide white kitchen, whose round windows looked out over the

The assagai ripped into the belly of the rearing horse (Chapter X)

Startling Stories Vol 02 n° 03 novembre 1939 p. 47

DEUXIEMME GALERIE ➤



This was the last stand of a brave, indomitable people. The United States had rushed blindly on to destruction!

SURVIVAL

A Complete Book-Length Super-Science Novel

by ARTHUR J. BURKS

THERE were no lights whatever. There was no sound save that of Hell Roaring Creek and the wind that came down from the plateau. These drowned out the murmurs and the breathing of all that was left of the Central Army under General David Haslup, who had taken cover in the Creek's tremendous valley.

It was almost inconceivable that David Haslup, twenty-five years of age, was a general. Two years ago he had been a second lieutenant. His sky-rocket to power was one of the least of the grim changes in the once United States. Two years ago there had been almost a hundred and fifty millions of people in the nation. Now no one knew exactly how many. Guesses placed the survivors at less than a million. The brain reeled with the thought of the dead.

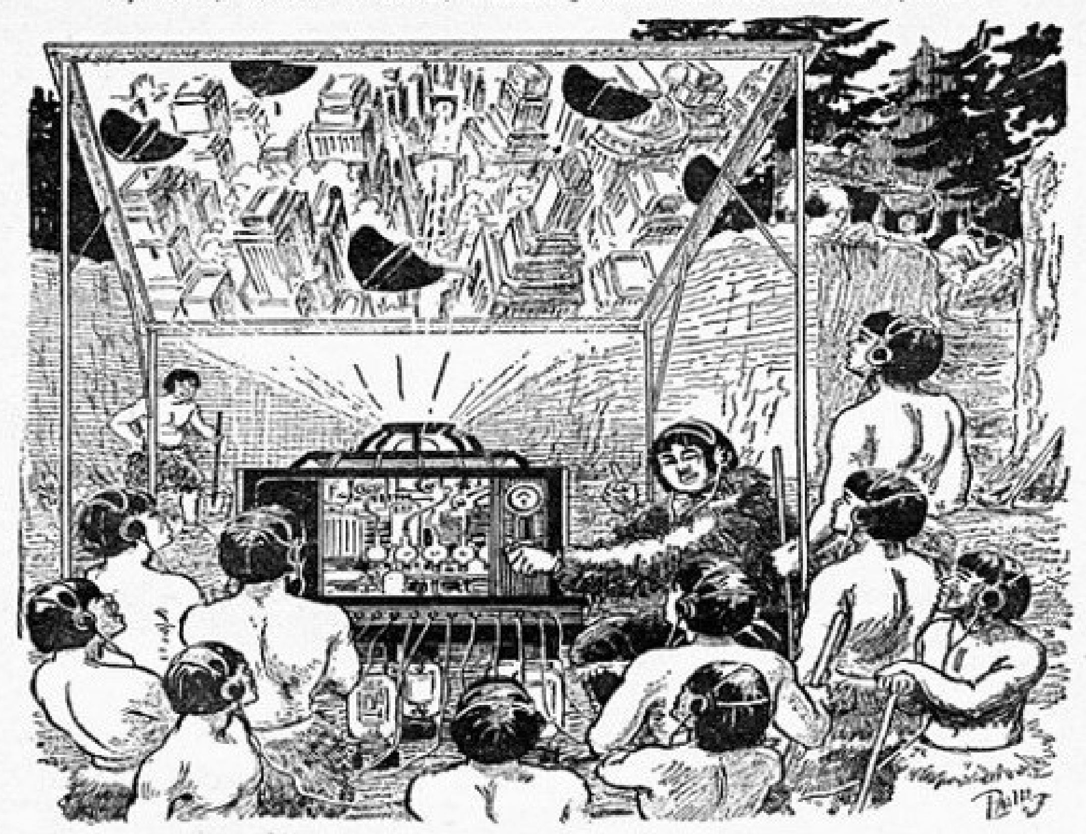
General Haslup's "command" numbered fifteen hundred men, women and children. There were six hundred real fighting men, the oldest a stripling compared to Haslup. As for the women,

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One of the leading present-day science-fiction lurid, thrilling vision of the devastation and rebirth

Marvel Science Stories Vol 01 n° 01 Août 1938 p. 4

"My friends," declared the leader, "I cannot guarantee the success of this experiment"



THROUGH THE TIME-RADIO

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

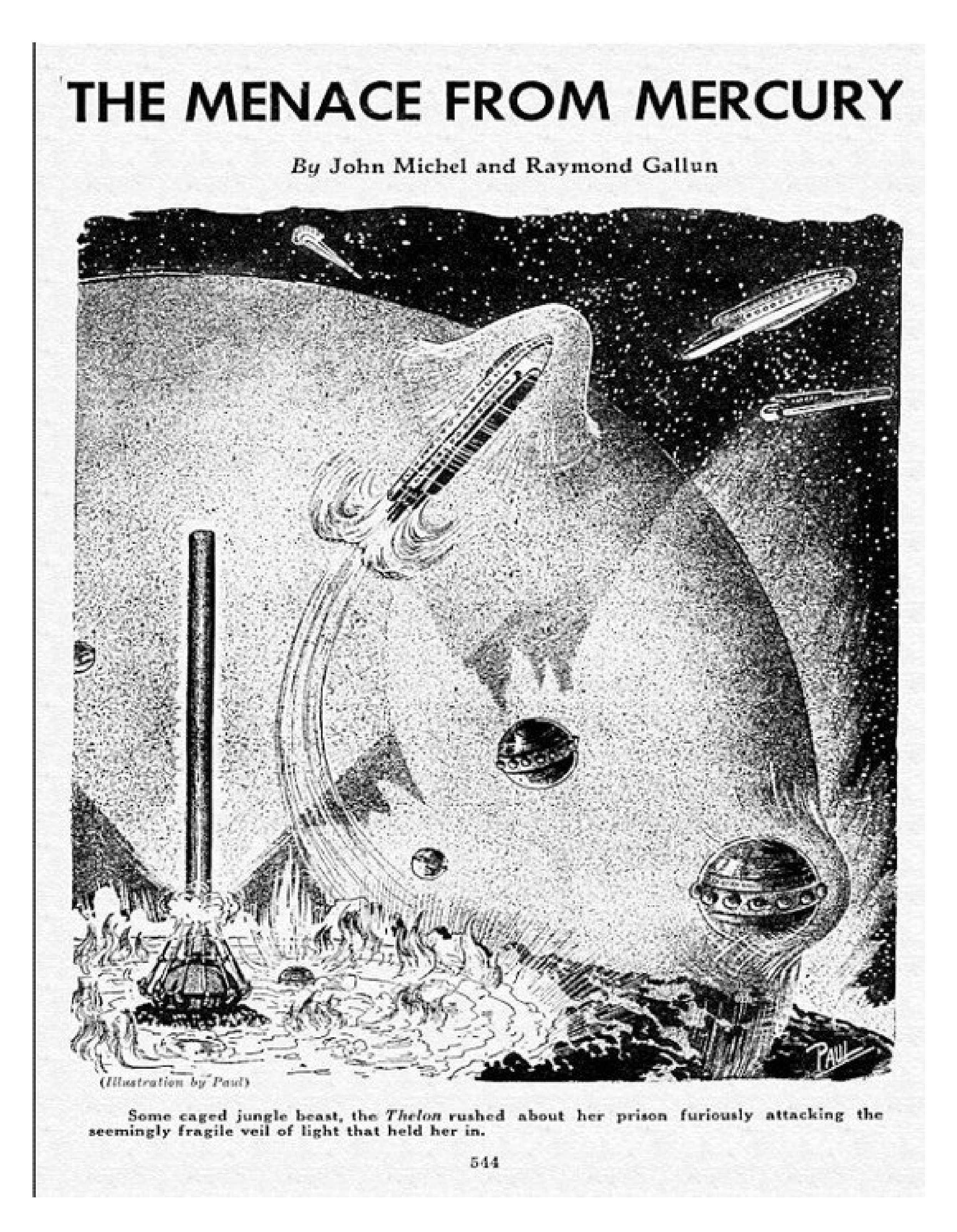
ABOVE the snow-matted green of the pines that crowded the tip of Manhattan Island, the winter sun arose in smokeless splendor. From somewhere amid the wilderness, one might have heard the cry of a wolf, the grunting of a bear, the scurrying of small wood-creatures through the underbrush; but, far across the densely forested heights, and upon the tree-grown slopes beyond the unnavigated rivers and bay, one would have seen only the unbroken waste, with not a sign that man had ever inhabited these parts. The Hudson and the Harlem, in that remote winter of the forty-first century, were unpolluted streams beneath whose ice-floes great multitudes of fishes sported and swam; not a bridge crossed their smooth-flowing expanses, and not a brick or rod of steel or sign of concrete or mortar marred their thickly vegetated banks.

About an hour or two after sunrise, the quietude was disturbed by an unusual event. The sea-gulls showed it by the excitement with which they swung through

The horrible destruction of our barbaric 20th century civilization is observed on jungle-like Manhattan Island through the strange past-penetrating machine built by Eskimos in the 41st century!

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Marvel Science Stories Vol 01 n° 01 août 1938, p. 83



THE MENACE FROM MERCURY

By John Michel and Raymond Gallun

(Illustration by Paul)

Some caged jungle beast, the *Thelon* rushed about her prison furiously attacking the seemingly fragile veil of light that held her in.

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Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 03 n° 04 - été 1932 - p. 544

MOON HEAVEN

by DOM PASSANTE

A meteor disables a small ship of the void, and Brig Dean is forced to land his party on a wild, unexplored satellite! But their safety seems assured—until the primeval inhabitants begin to resent the presence of Earthmen!



He vaulted with all his strength.

TWO pairs of worried eyes stared apprehensively at the fuel gage; it was nearly down to zero. The giant rocket exhausts gasped and choked noisily over a fast-diminishing supply of explosive.

"It's that meteor bumping we got coming through the asteroid belt," panted Brig Dean, crack American space pilot, as he swung around from the control board. "I felt her jolt, but I never figured she'd had a crack on the jets. The power's leaking. . . ."

"Well, don't stand there talking like a textbook!" wailed Cynthia Fowlie, flapping helplessly up and down in a sheath of green silk. "We're going to crash! Oh, why did I ever become engaged to an American spaceman? Why didn't I stop in London? Look—look! What's that?"

Her bejeweled white hand pointed through the window and her vivid blue eyes opened wide in alarmed surprise. She was a beautiful woman, and knew it; what she didn't know was that she was vain and exceedingly selfish. . . .

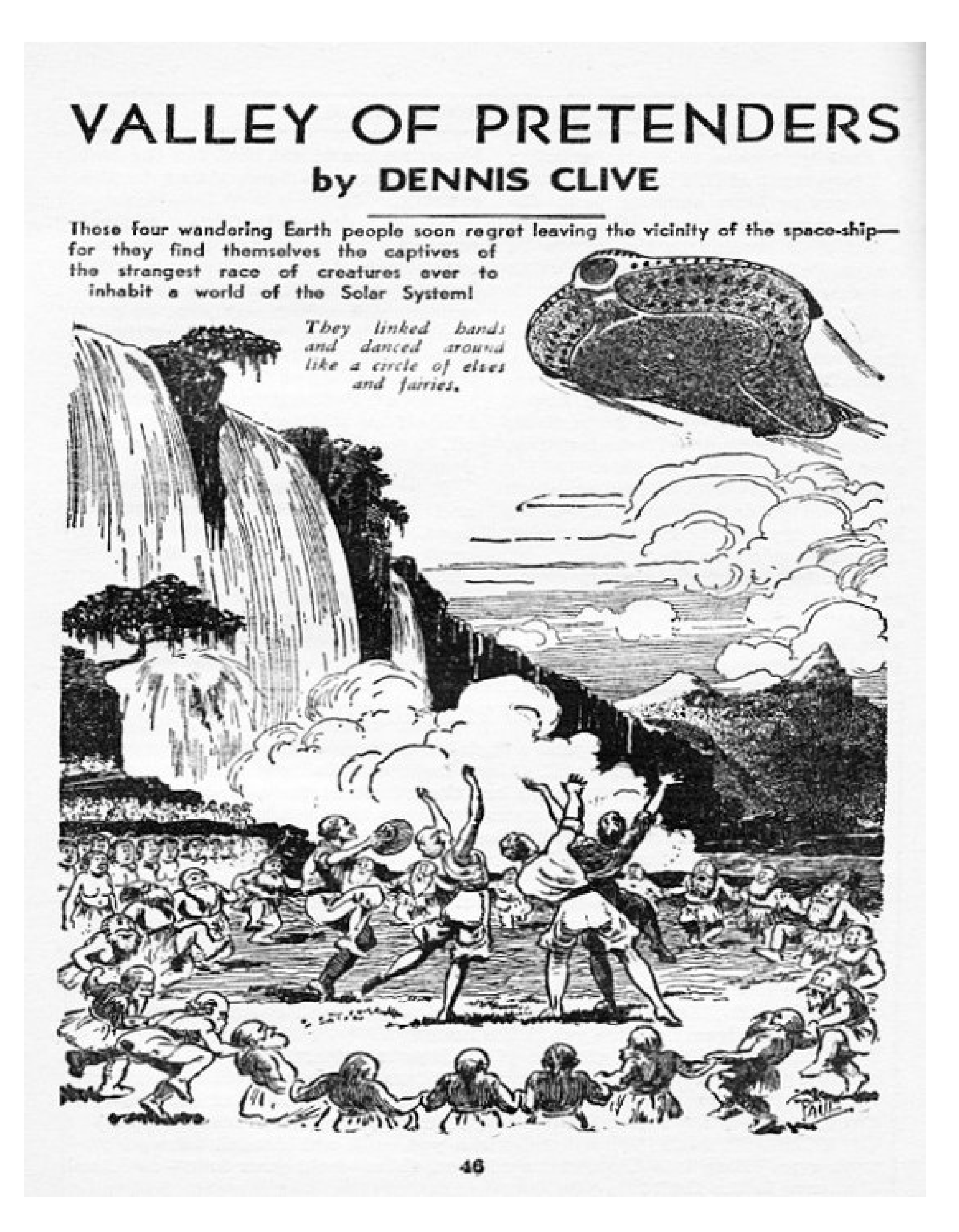
Brig swung around with tight lips.



Wonder Stories Vol 07 n° 07 - février 1936 -



Startling Stories Vol 01 n° 03 - mai 1939 -



VALLEY OF PRETENDERS

by DENNIS CLIVE

Those four wandering Earth people soon regret leaving the vicinity of the space-ship—for they find themselves the captives of the strangest race of creatures ever to inhabit a world of the Solar System!

They linked hands and danced around like a circle of elves and fairies.

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Science Fiction Vol 01 n° 01 - mars 1939 - p. 46

A RESCUE IN SPACE

By LOWELL HOWARD MORROW
5811 Hough Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



AWARDED $50 THIRD PRIZE IN FEBRUARY 1930 "AIR WONDER STORIES" COVER CONTEST

THE two golden moons hung low over the red, Martian landscape, casting a mellow glow over mountain, plain and sea. The air was calm, the sky cloudless, and the moonbeams threw into broad relief the red-gray rocks, glistened on the verdant valleys running down to the coast, and gleamed on the ocean that following an irregular, rock-bound shore, stretched away to the horizon of the night.

A stranger voyaging into the atmosphere of this red world and from the cabin of his space-flyer gazing down at the rock-strewn plains, might have imagined himself viewing a dead world. League upon league the rugged, torn, upflung mountains—grim reminders

(Illustration by Miller)

Then she turned upward and rushed with full speed straight as an arrow toward one of the green eyes

Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 02 n° 04 - septembre 1930 - p. 346



With a long, flying leap the strange entity sprang in air. I caught the flexible three-fingered hand and drew him to safety.

Wonder Stories Quarterly Vol 04 n° 03 - août 1932 - p. 218



Kent and Florence gasped as a door opened in the machine's side and three octopus creatures emerged

brought.

"What do you suppose—" she gasped.

He covered her hand with his reassuringly. "There's nothing to be afraid of. They can't see us, whoever they are."

An oblong door in the ship's curving side slid back. Kent grunted in surprise. Out scuttled three of the great octopus creatures. They moved to the twisted yellow carcass on the beach, excited hootings and pipings sounding between them. Then one found the discarded wrench and fell to examining it with a probing tentacle. The other two, as though suddenly sensing the proximity of other beings, turned and glanced searchingly along the banks of the jungle.

For a moment those flaming orbs stared directly toward Kent. He felt his muscles turn to water and the strength seep from him. There was an intake of breath from Florence and the brown man wailed almost inaudibly. But a second later those baleful eyes had turned and were searching farther down the forest. Kent felt that the slightest alien movement would have brought those creatures bounding forward like three monsterous yellow tarantulas.

Paying no further attention to the slain one, the three turned presently and headed back to the great ship. They took the socket wrench with them. The door closed, the humming began once again and the huge doughnut affair rose on its beam of crimson. Very slightly then, the beam was directed backward and the vessel moved ahead at increasing speed, finally dwindling far to the south.

Lester sprang to his feet, stood looking after it. "Those things—the Koolah—are intelligent, all right; damned intelligent! God, if we only had something on Earth like that ship!"

Florence was at his shoulder, brown eyes wide with dread. "They're ruthless, utterly inhuman!" She shuddered. "I—I'm glad we hid!"

The savage was again standing near them, chattering and plucking at their sleeves. He walked off a short distance, beckoning, motioning for them to follow.

Florence's body was rigid, her oval face firmly set, and her breathing a little fast. "What do you suppose we'd better do? Go with him? We've got to do something. I—I don't want to stay out here in plain sight!"

Kent considered a moment, still fighting the incredulity and unreality that pressed upon him. From all indications it was an unguessable matter as to how long Bentley would keep them in this strange place, how long it would be before he would reverse the vibrator apparatus and bring them back to Earth. Perhaps only a few minutes longer, perhaps an hour, or—and he suddenly sickened at the thought—they had become stranded permanently in this unnamable place! They were grossly ignorant of the dangers that might threaten them on all sides. Already the brown man had led them safely from the Koolah. Yes, a friend in this world, primitive though he might be, was an invaluable asset. Lester set his jaw grimly. They'd have to make the best of the circumstances.

"Let's go," he said. "It's something to do, anyway!"

The savage set off at a rapid gait up the beach, Kent and Florence close at his heels. After a moment a small well-worn path came into view in the wall of vegetation. They turned into it, plodding along in single file. Thick heavy odors from the growths filled the air and here and there strange brilliant flowers bloomed. Raucous birds flapped heavily from branch to branch. Once the brown man stopped in a little glade for rest. He jerked some fruit from a vine and offered it to Lester and the girl. Ovoid, the growths were, about the size of an apple, but yellow in color and very juicy. The flavor was sweet, perfumed.

As he ate, Kent sat at ease against a giant pulpy stock. Florence was close at hand, a somehow pathetic young lady trying bravely not to show her fright. Squatting opposite them was the savage. Now Lester had opportunity to examine the fellow more closely. The short hair that covered his body, the sloping brow, and his very simian appearance indicated a low stage of development. Still, the savage was not without intelligence, far above the ape. Equal to the Australian Bushman, perhaps, boasting even a crude, simple language.

MONSTERS OF THE MOUNTAIN

By LEON BYRNE

In the hands of that unscrupulous fiend was scientific knowledge that made savage behemoths of common domestic pets!

"COME quickly to the Pines . . . Bring many men with you, heavily armed . . . A terrible danger faces mankind . . . Beware of—"

That much of the message I got, and no more. As he gasped out those last words I could see Dr. Mann turn his head, stare fearfully at the shadowy object that had suddenly loomed up behind him —then there was a crash, a gasp of pain, and the old doctor's face and voice faded into nothingness as the television grid before me went blank.

I tried frantically to reestablish contact with him, repeating his station call time after time, but no further message came through, nor could the prying eye of my powerful range-locating set again peer into the interior of that little room in the Pines, as he called his laboratory high up in the secluded fastness of the Olympic Mountains, many miles from civilization, even from any road. Whoever or whatever had attacked Dr. Mann, my old friend and professor, had ap-



Selective breeding could enlarge a species to twice its normal size, I knew, but these monsters were beyond imagination, were scientific impossibilities!



The Black Flame

Thomas Connor Pits Ancient Knowledge and Daring Against Immortals Who Have Ruled a Strange New World for Centuries!

A Full Book-Length Novel of the Future

By STANLEY G. WEINBAUM

Author of "A Martian Odyssey," "The Worlds of If," etc.

"We'll have to fire!" Evanie cried (Chapter X)

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CHAPTER I

Penalty—and Aftermath

THOMAS MARSHALL CONNOR was about to die. The droning voice of the prison chaplain gradually dulled his perception instead of stimulating his mind. Everything was hazy and indistinct to the condemned man. He was going to the electric chair in just ten minutes to pay the supreme penalty because he had accidentally killed a man with his bare fists.

Connor, vibrantly alive, vigorous and healthy, only twenty-six, a brilliant young engineer, was going to die. And, knowing, he did not care. But there was nothing at all nebulous about the gray stone and cold iron bars of the death cell. There was nothing uncertain about the split down his trouser leg and the shaven spot on his head.

The condemned man was acutely

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The amphimorph shot into the pool (Chapter XXIII)

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great man, but half metamorph."

"Do you mean," asked Conner, aghast, "that she has the blood of that lake monster in her?"

"No! Oh, no! There are two kinds of metamorphs. One sort, the Panate metamorph, is human; the others, the amphimorphs, are just—horrors. Evanie's blood is Panate. But she has conquered her metamorphic heredity."

"A metamorph!" Connor groaned.

THE picture of that flopping horror rose in his mind, and then the vision of the wild, impish face of the woods child. There *was* something reminiscent of Evanie in that, the color of her bronze hair, an occasional glint in her deep eyes.

"Tell me," he said huskily, "about that heredity of hers. Might her child, for instance, turn wild? Or turn into such a horror as an—amphimorph?"

Jan Orm smiled.

"By no chance! The Panate metamorphs, I tell you, are human. They're people. They're much like us—good and bad, brilliant and stupid, and many of them surpassingly beautiful in their wild way."

"But just what are they? Where'd they come from?"

"Do you remember hearing Martin Sair mentioned? He was companion of the Master, Evanie's great-uncle thirty generations removed."

"The discoverer of immortality? I remember."

But Connor made no mention of when he had first heard of both Martin Sair and the Master—from an uncannily beautiful wood sprite who had seemed to possess all the wisdom of the ages.

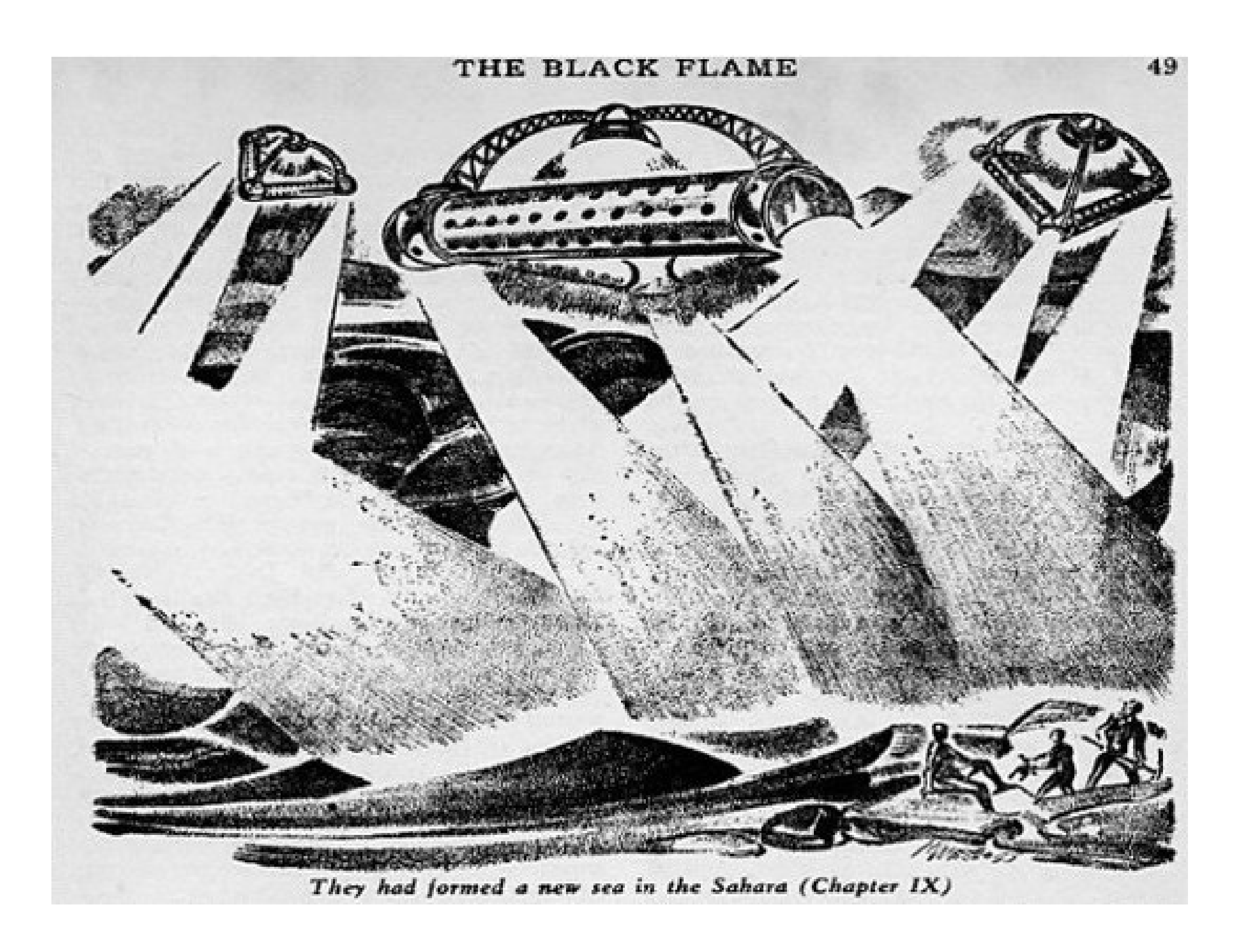
"Yes," Jan told him. "And you must have heard, too, that there were other attempts at making men immortal, in the first century of the Enlightenment. And failures. Some that still haunt the world. Well, the metamorphs are those failures."

"I see," said Connor slowly.

"They're a mutation, an artificial mutation," Jan explained. "When Martin Sair's discovery became known, thousands sought to imitate him. It was understood that

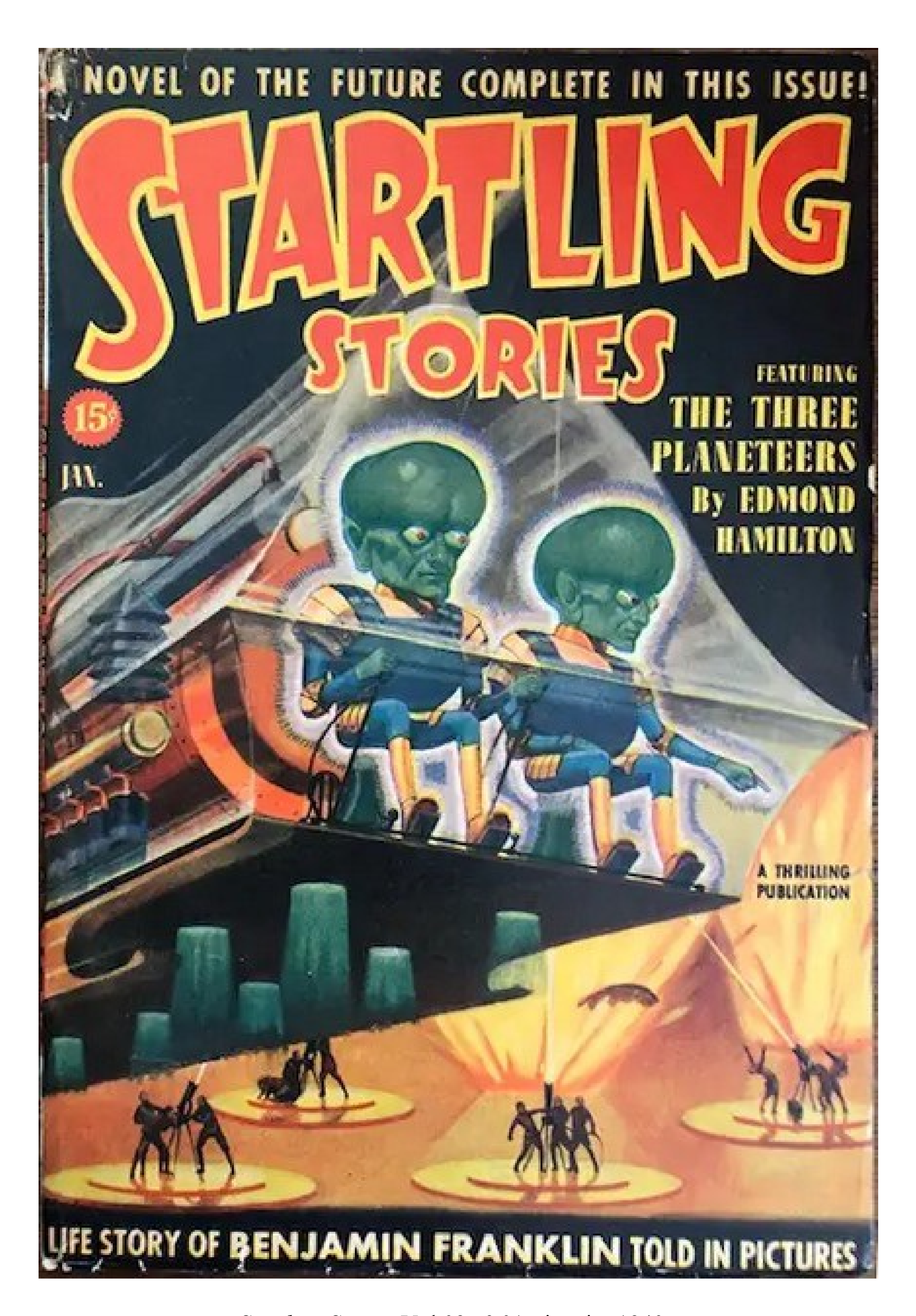


The Messenger launched itself at his head (Chapter XII)

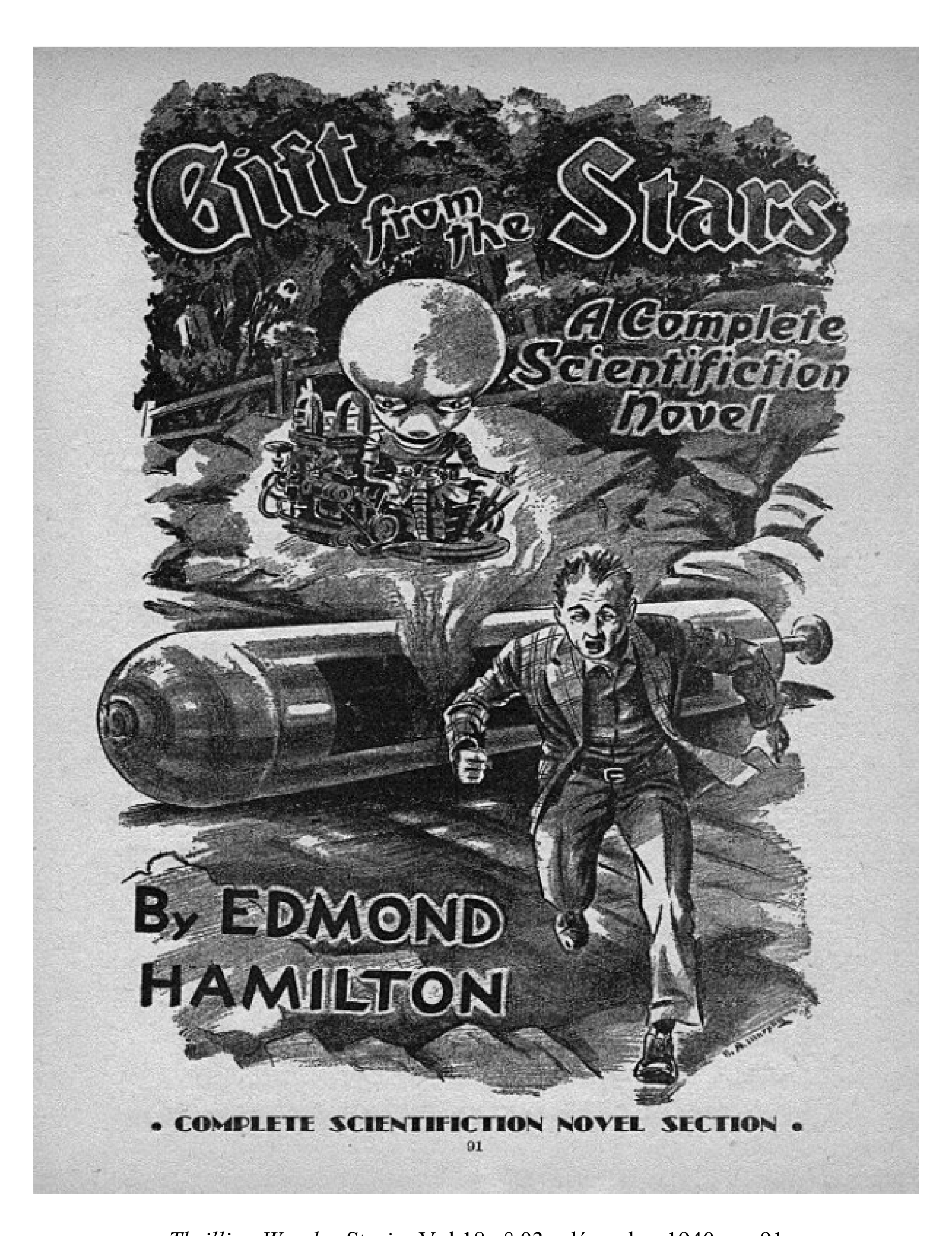


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TROISIEME GALERIE ➤



Startling Stories Vol 03 n° 01 - janvier 1940 -



Thrilling Wonder Stories Vol 18 n° 03 - décembre 1940 - p. 91

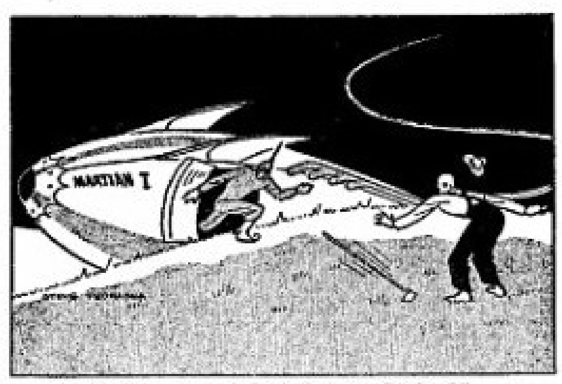
The make-up, the content, the art work, the features—particularly the cartoons—the friendly, chatty, gossip of your "Editor's Notebook", all seem to have produced a superior piece of magazine publication. That holds with all the rest of the Ziff-Davis publications. You boys certainly know what to put into a book to make it absorbing.

I was amazed to see Nat Schachner represented in your pulp with a long lead novel. Schachner, if I remember correctly, has invaded the book publishing world with one of the finest historical novels of the current season "By The Dim Lamps". Congratulations. His story, "The Return of Circe" was as good as they come—even in Fantastic Adventures. Of the rest of the yarns, I thought Don Wilcox had the best thing with his "Secret League of Six" and next "Mr. Murchison's Ghost" by Robert Moore Williams. Tell Mr. Williams to continue writing to please himself—because in so doing, he pleases me too.

Ray Ellsworth,
127 Mayfair Drive,
Rochester, N. Y.

We are intensely pleased at your fine letter and its complimentary and pointed comments. We appreciate the appreciation you give to our work, because we do work hard to give to the magazine just what you say we have given to it. And we are constantly trying to give you stories that compare with the "polish" on the magazine. That is why you get stories like the Circe yarn by Schachner. Many writers of his calibre like to write for Fantastic Adventures *because they love to write that kind of fiction, and we are the only market for it which can compare in quality with the slicks they usually write, but don't enjoy doing so well. We shall certainly continue to allow our writers to write to please themselves.*

Coming soon, by Don Wilcox, is "Rainbow of Death" which we believe to be Don's finest work since "Secret of the Stone Doll."—Ed.



"Where can I find Robert Ripley?"

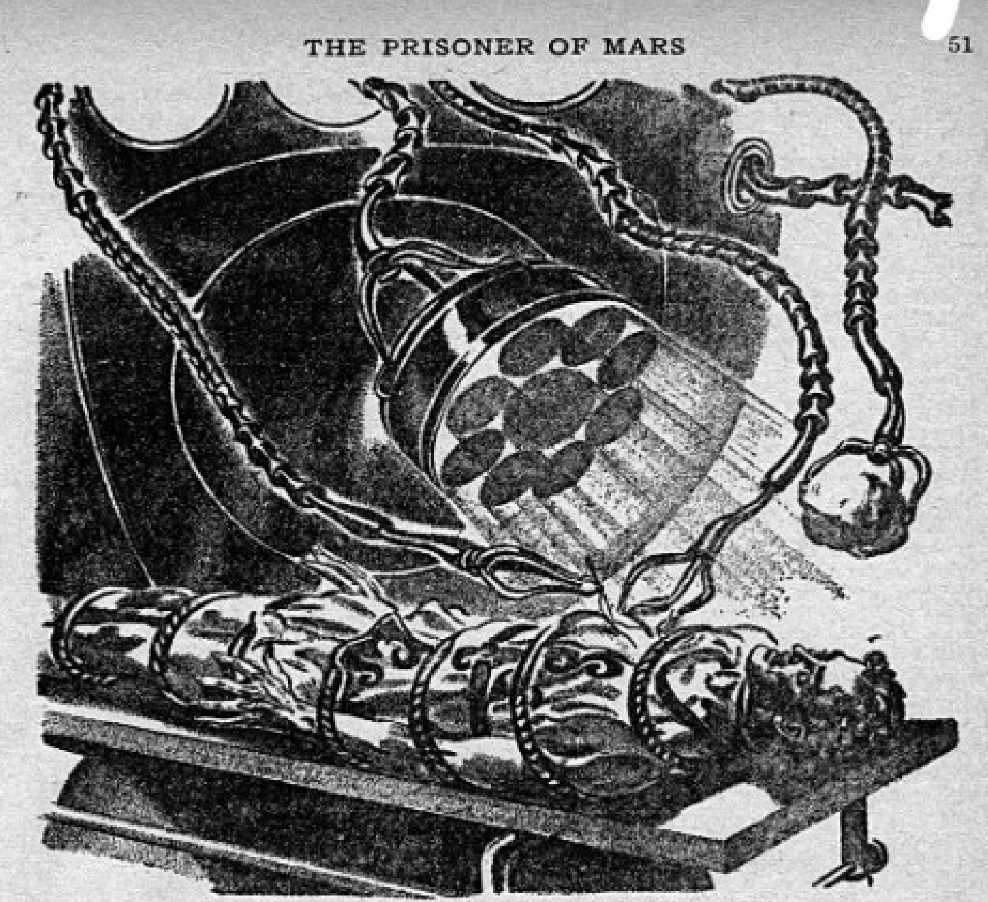
Fantastic Adventures Vol 03 n° 10 - décembre 1941 - p. 143



Deimos was the strangest little man officer Gilbert had even seen.
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Fantastic Adventures Vol 03 n° 03 - mai 1941 - p. 117

QUATRIEME GALERIE ➤



The scalpel stabbed the flesh of Crain's body (Chapter XV)

. . . Tomorrow night we shall go to ruined L'Lon."

Crain nodded, hoping that before the next night he would have found some way to strike for the cause of Earth. He had formed a vague plan that he hoped he might be able to put into effect. If he could slip out of this city with Kay, speed to Dandor's desert tower where the matter-caster was, and flash back from it to Earth, then they could destroy the matter-caster on Earth, and end the threat.

He felt a pang at the thought that he would be cutting himself off forever from this world that he was coming somehow to love; this world of his father's kingship. And that he would be sealing the doom of the tragic hordes of Electrae, for all time.

"You must go now to the king's apartments, Krayn," Dandor was saying. "It might cause wonder if you remained in my rooms. I'll go with you, to be at your side should you need my coaching."

"But Kay?" Crain asked anxiously.

DANDOR looked thoughtful. "The girl is still loyal to Cholu, is she not? I have guessed that from her talk with you, though I cannot understand that Choluan language."

"Yes, she is loyal to Cholu," Crain said slowly. "She thinks that I too should remain loyal to that world."

"As though the son of Tharkol could own loyalty to any world but

DICTATOR OF PEACE

By DON WILCOX

Dr. Retterlic placed a silver plate in Gade Lasher's skull. He knew it would bring agony if the dictator shouted for war. But he couldn't know the operation would be doubly successful . . . !

Read This Dynamic Story— then . . .

THE 4-SIDED TRIANGLE
By William F. Temple

When Joan Leeton decided to marry Will Fredericks, life went dark for Bill Josephs. Then his science showed him how to add another side to the eternal triangle, and his problem seemed solved, until. . . .

WHIRLPOOL IN SPACE
By Miles Shelton

"Ebbtide" Jones and Stan Kendrick decided on a career of peaceful beachcombers of space. But instead they became involved in a weird plot of intrigue against the exiled ruler of Zandonia.

LEGION OF THE DEAD
By Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.

The Earth officials living on Mars were getting along fine—until the horrible Martian zombies decided to revolt and drive the Earthmen from their planet. Then there was hell to pay . . . !

MISSING: MILLION IN RADIUM
By Robert Moore Williams

The Treadwell plant wasn't producing the usual amount of radium. Was it being stolen? Steve Porter went into grim danger to discover the truth.

6 BIG STORIES

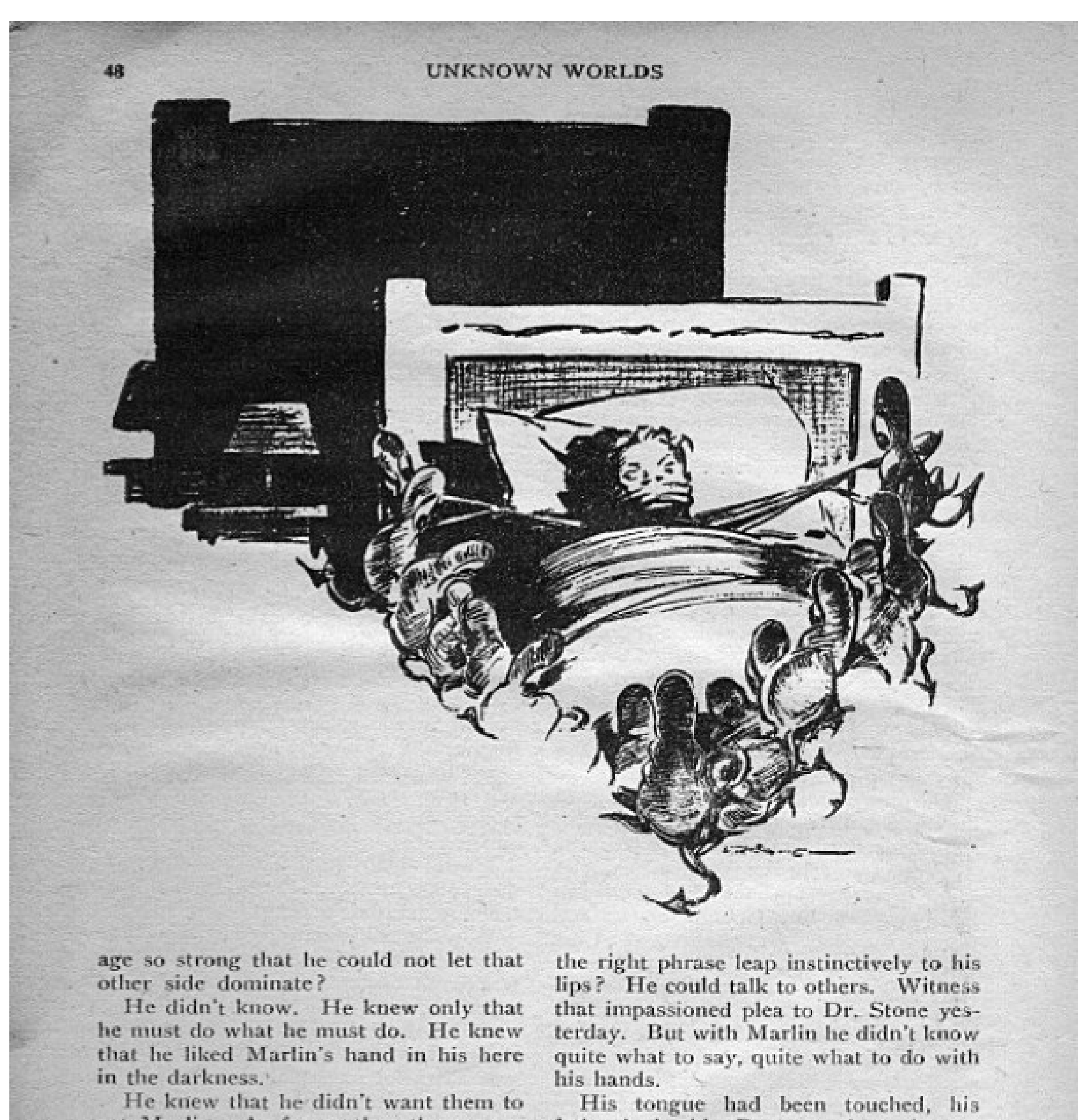
PLUS A host of fascinating features that will hold you spell-bound while you revel in the

NOVEMBER ISSUE



NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Fantastic Adventures Vol 01 n° 04 - novembre 1939 - p. 33



age so strong that he could not let that other side dominate?

He didn't know. He knew only that he must do what he must do. He knew that he liked Marlin's hand in his here in the darkness.

He knew that he didn't want them to get Marlin. As far as the others were concerned—Miss Elkins, Mr. Fargo, Fred, Dr. Stone—it was more a matter of principle. This was personal. In this shadow stirring of desire, it was suddenly important that Marlin be put beyond their reach.

Why was it, he wondered, that he was inarticulate with Marlin? Why didn't the right phrase leap instinctively to his lips? He could talk to others. Witness that impassioned plea to Dr. Stone yesterday. But with Marlin he didn't know quite what to say, quite what to do with his hands.

His tongue had been touched, his father had said. But were there circumstances where that fact was of no avail? Did that other person his father had mentioned, whose tongue also had been touched, have trouble in talking to girls? Or to a girl, a special girl?

He could talk others into doing what he wished. He knew this, felt it. But when it came to something he really

AVENGERS OF SPACE

Thrilling, Feature-Length, Future-Science

NOVEL by HENRY KUTTNER

CHAPTER I

INTO THE VOID

TERRY SHAWN was worried. The reporter should have been here hours ago. According to long-made plans, the *Eagle* would make its first flight from this lonely Arizona valley at six o'clock—darkness and shaded his eyes. Far in the distance he could see the headlights of an automobile—no, several of them—racing over the valley road. Grunting. Shawn went to a huge shed that towered not far away. He kicked open a door and yelled:

"Get ready, boys! He's on the way."

Within the great barn was a shimmering sphere of metal, the *Eagle*, first spaceship ever to be built on Earth. Months



and it was long past that time now. Shawn's lean, tanned face was angry in the cold glare of arc lights as he stamped up and down, swinging his arms to keep warm.

Abruptly he stiffened, stepped into the of careful planning and construction had gone into it, the culmination of years of atomic experimentation by Shawn. From a porthole dangled a rope ladder, and down this scrambled a man, wizened and agile as a monkey. He was chewing a

"We interrupt this program for a special bulletin, ladies and gentlemen. The police warn that a dangerous criminal is at large in New York. His name is Walter Padgett, and he has already committed a series of incredible crimes. Chief among them was influencing O. L. Morrow to give him two million dollars. After forcing Mr. Morrow to issue a false statement which broke the stock-market, Padgett shanghaied the financier onto a South American boat. Later, he interfered with the publication of the New York *Globe*.

"It was at first believed that Padgett accomplished these feats by extraordinary



Thin rays of force jetted from a tubelike instrument

powers of hypnotism. But scientific authorities have declared that no kind of hypnosis could account for his powers. Now, however, the police have been given a clue to Padgett's strange criminal powers, by a statement just made to them by the well known promoter and Broadway figure, Mr. Arnold Wayne."

"Wayne!" gasped Padgett. "He's gone to the police!"

"Listen, Walter," Helen said tensely.

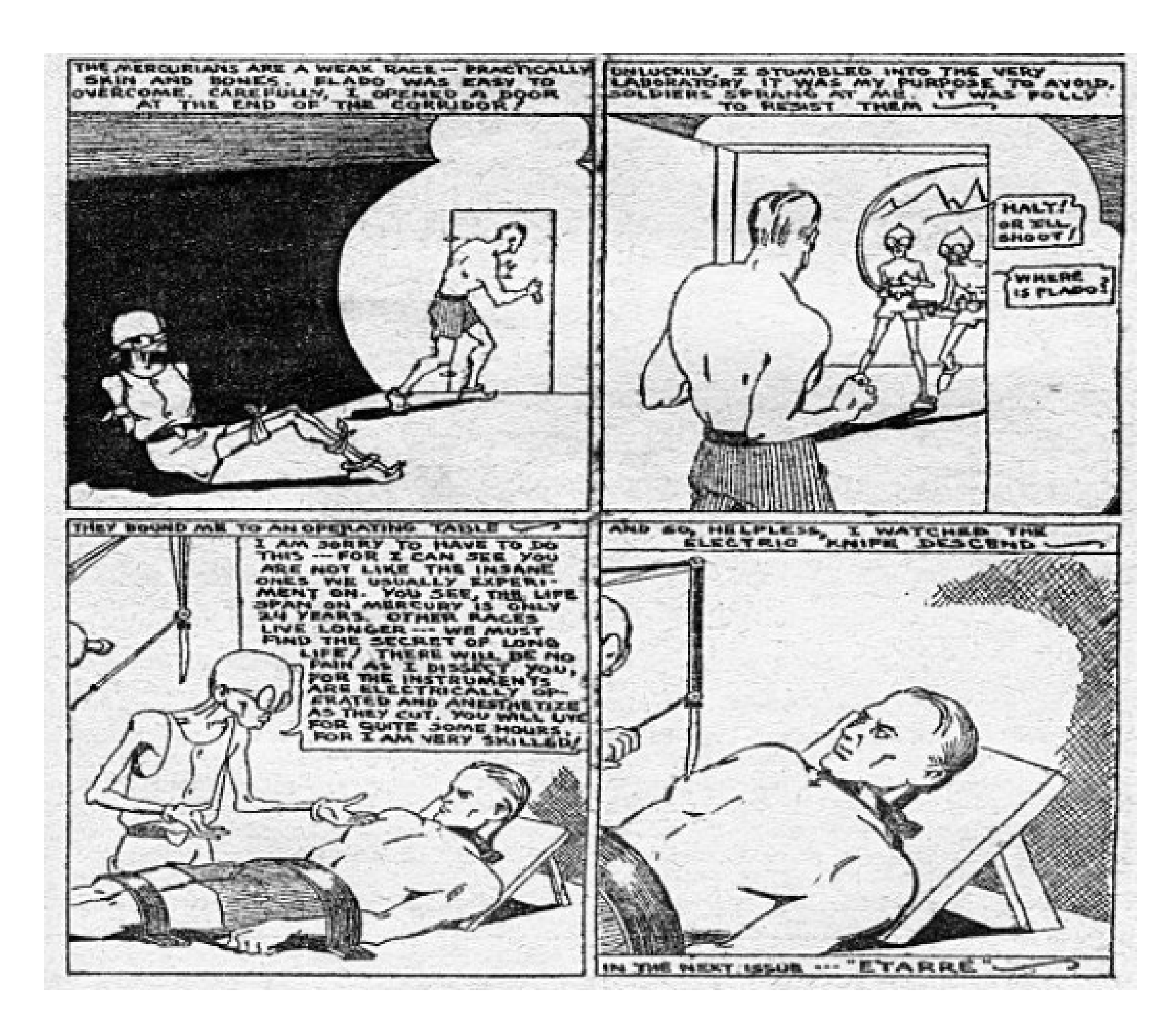
"MR. WAYNE has told the police," the announcer said, "that he met Padgett and his woman-accomplice in the Silver Club on Sunday night. Mr. Wayne asserts that Padgett used a strange power of hypnotic command. Wayne was forced to visit Padgett's apartment, and the criminal tried to make him an accomplice in his crimes.

"Wayne states that Padgett boasted he could control anybody through what he called a psycho-power projector, a tiny instrument attached to his brain. Wayne says also that the power of this criminal is absolute up to one hundred feet. But he learned by observation that the psycho-power cannot operate through steel or other metal.

"The police are now combing the city for this so-called Man with the Magic Brain. If his powers are as great as they seem, Walter Padgett is Public Enemy Number One! Any citizens noticing this criminal and his accoplice are asked to notify the police immediately. Their descriptions are as follows—"

Padgett tuned down the radio. He looked at Helen, and his face was almost as pale as hers. His voice came as a rusty croak.

"Wayne got to the police first! He must have known, as soon as Brower called him

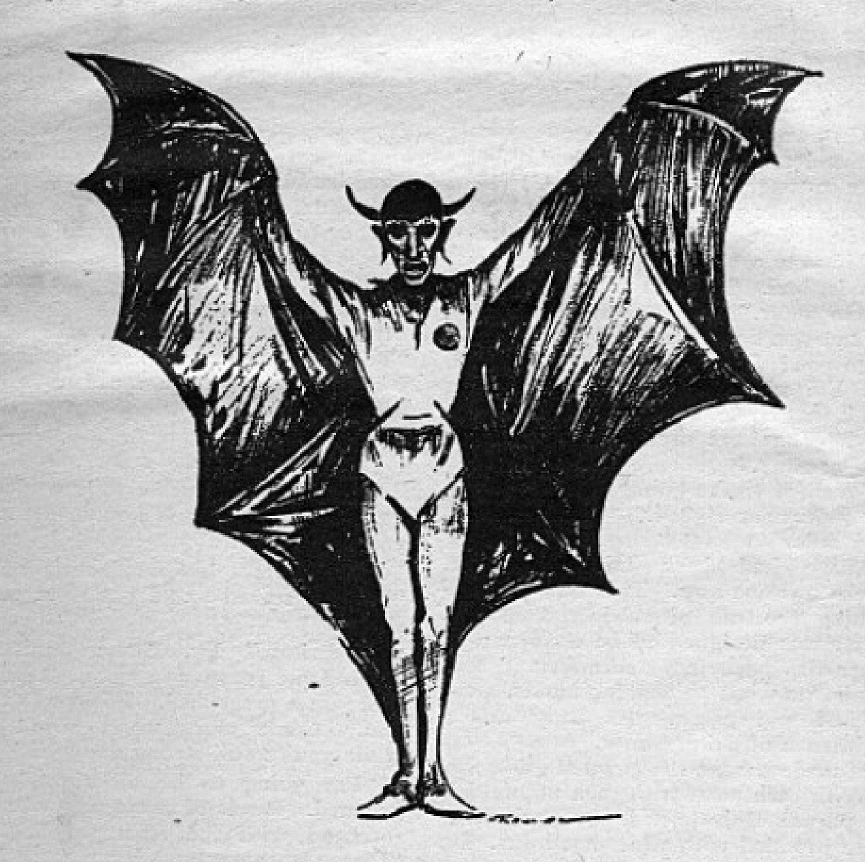


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GALERIE 5 ➤

a fashion. Not well, because of the growing nausea, and the consciousness of those things just beyond the wall of rue.

He couldn't eat anything that day, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that he persuaded his mother and Jim Roberts to go to bed that night.



"If you get sick in the night," Lucille said in traditional phraseology of that part of the country, "call us. Will you?"

"Sure, sure. I'll be all right, though."

He wasn't all right. The tortures on the preceding night were a curtain raiser to what they did now. These pains were not bold and straightforward, like those of the night before. They were slow, heavy, subtle, sapping at his energy.

He had rebelled, and aroused the fury of Hell.

Could he possibly expect to beat them off, one boy against a myriad angers? He didn't know. He knew that he would try. He might die, but it would be worth it to show Old Nick that you couldn't make anything you liked of human nature no matter what the odds. Some vestige of resentment would flare up, and defeat Old Nick and his kind. So he might lose, but he would never be defeated.

He came very near it, on that second night. That dull, heavy pain which lay inside him very nearly reached the un-



I spread and beat the wings—the ground seemed a long way off (Chapter X)

me but remind Your Magnificence that the quality of mercy is not strained; it drops as the gentle rain from heaven upon the earth beneath—"

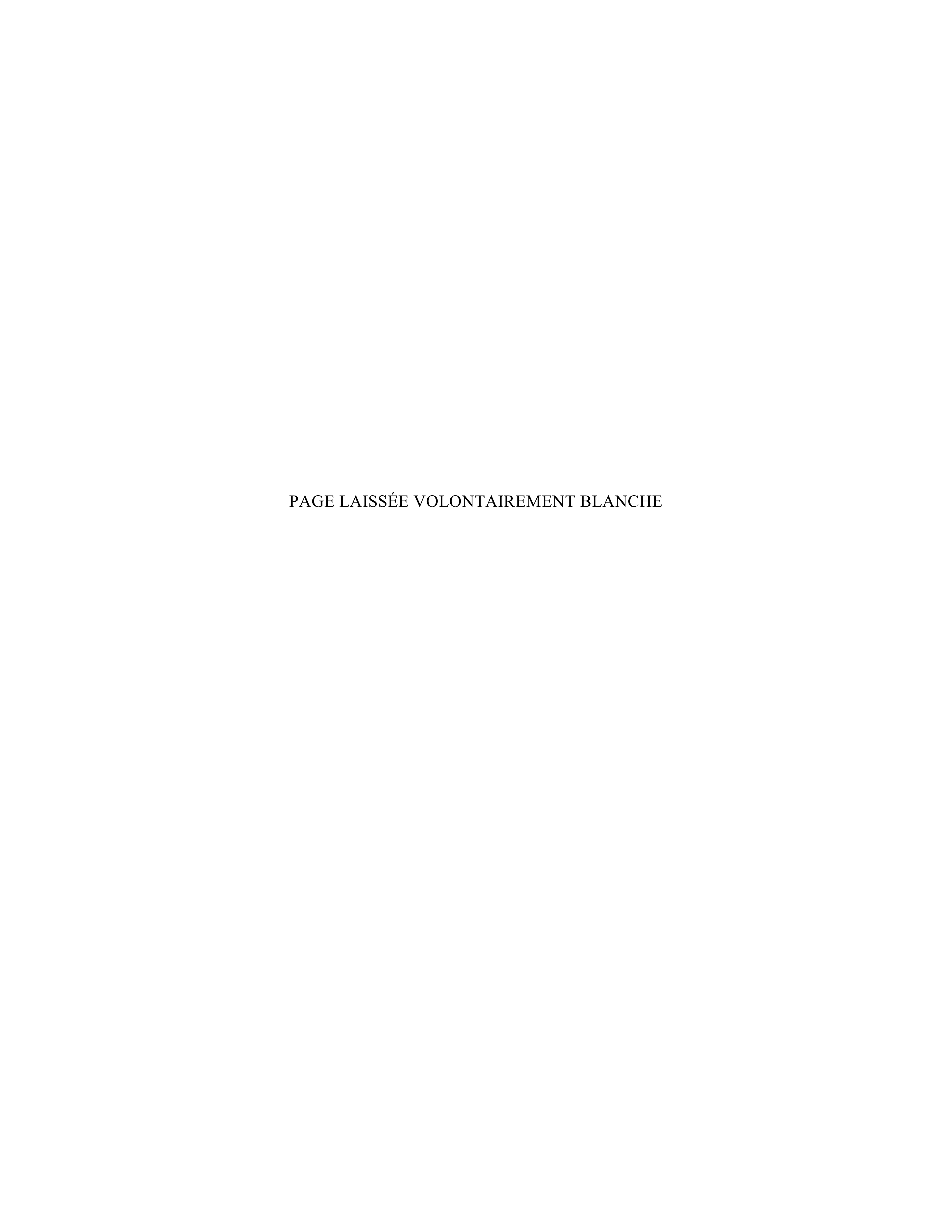
"Excellent!" applauded Lorenzo. "Clerk, have you written it all?" He smiled upon me the more widely and winningly. "You go free, young sir. Swordsmen I can buy at a ducat a dozen, but men of good wit and ready tongue are scarce in these decayed times. Tomorrow, then, you shall have a further audience with me."

I BOWED myself away, scarce crediting my good fortune. But, as I walked down the palace steps and through the gate, Guaracco fell into step beside me. Under his half-draped black cloak I caught the outline of that pistol he had invented.

"I have nothing to say to you," I growled. "I have washed my hands of you. And you washed your hands of me yonder, when my life hung by a thread."

"I never pledged myself to you," he reminded, "nor did I demand a pledge of you—only obedience. Instead of death, you win favor from the Medici. When you go back tomorrow, you go under new orders from me."

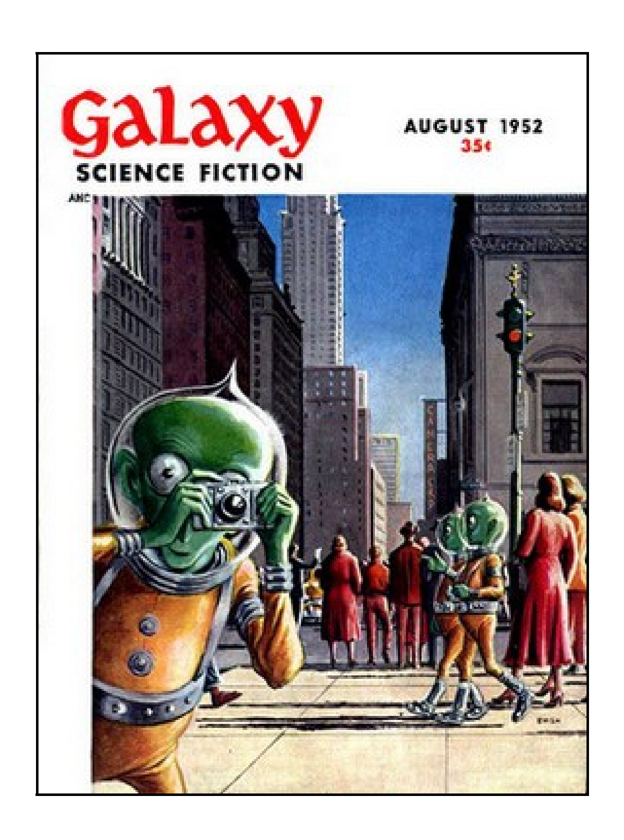
And thus I was deeper than ever in his strong, wicked clutch.



PAGE LAISSÉE VOLONTAIREMENT BLANCHE

PAGE LAISSÉE VOLONTAIREMENT BLANCHE


DOS DE COUVERTURE - PARTIE INTERNE



Si le mythe des petits hommes verts fut largement répandu dans les années cinquante, pour disparaître ensuite progressivement tout en laissant derrière lui une expression imagée qui désigne d'hypothétiques extraterrestres, et s'il a inspiré des illustrateurs comme celui qui réalisa la couverture du numéro d'août 1952 de la revue *Galaxy*, il n'en est pas moins vrai que ce mythe planta ses racines dans des récits de science-fiction bien antérieurs au jour de 1947 où la première « soucoupe volante » fut signalée.

Et ce que démontre la présente étude, c'est qu'il en fut de même pour toutes les facettes du mythe ovni !

L'auteur du présent ouvrage a commencé à s'intéresser aux « soucoupes volantes» dès 1963-64. A l'époque, jeune adolescent, le sujet ne pouvait que le faire rêver et il rêva donc quelques années... Puis, un heureux hasard lui fit découvrir les méthodes de la critique historique et, en appliquant celles-ci à ses croyances extraterrestres et autres, il se rendit compte qu'elles ne reposaient que sur du sable. Un sable qu'il prit alors le temps de passer systématiquement au tamis en multipliant ses sources d'information (livres, revues, articles de presse et rencontres avec des scientifiques ou des érudits)...